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GOD BLESS THE EARLY LOST.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ANNIE M. CURTIS.

God bless the little wandering feet
That sought the angels' fair domain
One morning in the May-time sweet,
And came not near earth's shores again.
What promise lured them from our care?
We gaze adown life's fading track,
But, answering now to plaint or prayer,
Those pattering feet come never back.

God bless the little rose-leaf hands
That slipped our cla-p, so faint and cold,
And, groping toward the stormless lands,
They somewhere found a safer hold;
And so, no touch of fingers light
With joy my lonely being thrills;
But ah! they beckon through earth's night
From yon far, everlasting hills!

Oh! sad heart's cry—God keep and bless
The early loved, the early lost!
As on through dismal glooms we press,
Our souls by pain and passion tossed;
And, hungering for a voice denied,
We strive to reach the hand, unseen,
At whose soft touch the gates swung wide,
Then closed—our loved and us between.

FAIR AS A STAR;
OR,
LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU,
Author of "The Cost of Conquest," "A Wife's Revenge," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW THE FRONT DOOR OPENED AND SHUT.

Then I opened wide the door—
Darkness there, and nothing more.—E. A. POE.

No one downstairs heard the hoarse cry that Hugh Pierrepoint uttered as his hand fell upon his child's dead face, and, after a moment's sick horror, he recovered himself and looked round. The room was carefully arranged. Ginevra, of course, had attended to everything, and was doubtless elsewhere bestowed by the landlady, and gone to bed.

"Mother Sebright isn't half a bad sort," he said to himself, "and she'll look after her. No one need know I've been home. I didn't tell Madeline I was coming for certain, and that meddling old hippopotamus upstairs will only think I have broken my word if he doesn't see me. If I can get out now without anyone seeing me, no one will be any the wiser. So the poor little beggar really is dead! Of course, Jenny will fret—women always do—but it's a jolly good job for her! She'll get well now, maybe, and fit for work again."

Men are proverbially indifferent about children during their babyhood; they are specially their mother's then. But Hugh Pierrepoint had regarded his infant with thorough dislike, and his only feeling, now that he beheld it lying dead, was one of actual relief. No thought of comforting his stricken wife, of taking her in his arms and letting her weep out her sorrow on his sympathizing breast, ever entered his head. All his wish was to get out of the way with the money of which his cowardly hands had robbed her.

She was all right among the women, he said to himself; and as for the money, she had no business to keep any hoarded away from him. He would give it back to her double when the Traveling Tinker had done his duty and won the race that he was to run, weather permitting, in two days. There was no snow where he was going as yet, nor, indeed, anywhere in the west of England, and the ground was said to be in good condition, so that, unless something unforeseen occurred, the race would be sure to come off. He would leave London, knowing nothing about the baby's death, of course, and would write to his wife from some convenient place. He was not going to appear in the midst of those second-rate sporting-men in his proper name. At such gatherings, where he was very well known indeed, he was Mr. Henry Parkes. Those who knew his real name held their tongues; those who did not accepted the alias for truth. He crept downstairs silently, without a footfall being audible, and went out. Careful as he was, he could not help the heavy door shutting itself on its latch with a clash that sounded through the house; but he had turned the nearest corner before anyone could reach it, and the snow was coming down in heavy flakes, so that his footsteps were obliterated as soon as made. Mrs. Sebright started up from her supper at the noise.

"There's that poor dear come home at last," she said, "and that pretty creature lying dead in her bedroom! The shock'll frighten her dreadfully. Here, Sally—Sally, I say, wake up!"

But Sally was far away in some maid-of-all-work's paradise, beyond even the sound of Mrs. Sebright's voice; and the good lady, though "fat and scant of breath," hurried upstairs as fast as she could to prevent Ginevra from coming suddenly upon the corpse of her child. But no Ginevra was there. The rooms were still and dark, as she herself had left them not an hour since, nor, on turning up the gas, could she see any signs of their having been entered. Frightened, she scarce knew at what, she went downstairs again, and declared to her friend that it was a "warning."

"There isn't a creature in the house but us and Sally," she said. "We shall hear of something, mark my words."

And then they fell to talking about ghosts, and tokens, and wraiths, till they grew so nervous that, when Mr. Burt put his key in the door, and entered the house like an ordinary mortal, they both shrieked in concert.

"Whatever is the matter?" he asked. "Has anything happened? I hope Mrs. Pierrepoint has returned."

No, she hadn't come back, Mrs. Sebright told him, and she had just had a terrible fright. The front door had opened and shut itself without hands, when there was no one in the house but themselves. The lodgers in the third floor were out of town, and the second-floor-back wasn't come in, so it must have been a ghost.

"More likely it was he who went out, and you didn't hear him come down," said Mr. Burt gravely. "Has Mr. Pierrepoint come yet?"

"Not he," said Mrs. Sebright, with a toss of her head. "A dying baby wouldn't bring *him*. But where can *she* be, Mr. Burt? Have you heard anything of her?"

"Nothing, and I am beginning to fear."

"You don't think she has run away, do you? She couldn't do that, and the poor baby at death's door."

"No, I don't think that; but I fear she has been entrapped and robbed."

"Robbed?"

"Yes."

"What of, in Heaven's name? The poor thing had nothing for anyone to steal."

"Yes, she had. I am very much afraid she had a large sum of money about her."

"Money!"

Mrs. Sebright's amazement was beyond bounds, and almost rendered her speechless.

"Why, only yesterday morning she told me she had none."

"She told you the truth. She only received it yesterday afternoon. I have some of it in trust to give to you to-morrow—for the rent, she said."

"But why could she not pay it herself?" the landlady asked, wondering whether she was awake or dreaming.

"She had painful reasons, poor girl. You know how she had to hide money whenever any came into her hands by chance."

"Yes, from that scamp! And doesn't he know of this?"

"No, he knows nothing. She had it about her for safety, and I am very much afraid that someone may have found it out and followed her. I can hear nothing of her anywhere."

"And you look tired out. Let me make you a bit of something hot for supper, Mr. Burt," said Mrs. Sebright, with whom the quiet, inoffensive "second-floor" was a great favorite. "We must hope for the best. She will come back yet.'

But the morning broke over London, and all things woke into life save those who lay like the little waxen effigy in Ginevra Pierrepoint's bedroom, and still there was no sign of the dead baby's mother. Of its father's absence no one took much heed. He must be found, of course, to come and bury his child; but that would be easy enough. Mr. Burt went and took council of Dr. Crosby as to what should be done.

"The father must be hunted up and made to see to things, of course," he said. "The heartless scamp, never to come home to see his dying child and comfort his poor wife!"

Alas! Hugh Pierrepoint was more heartless even than the good doctor deemed him, for he had turned away from his child's corpse to go and venture his wife's little hoard on a third-rate racehorse unknown as yet in the annals of the turf. The good doctor was seriously concerned when he heard of the money Ginevra was supposed to have been carrying about with her.

"Dear, dear, how inconceivably imprudent!" he said. "What could she have been thinking of?"

"She had grim reasons, poor thing, for doing so," the actor replied. "It was I who counseled her never to let it go out of her keeping; but I cannot conceive who knew or could have guessed anything about it."

"Her husband, perhaps."

"He is capable of anything if he had known; but I am sure he did not."

"The only thing to be done is to publish a full description of her, what she had on, and so forth. Of course, her husband will do that when he hears of it. I will certify to the cause of death, and, if there is anything I can do to help Mrs. Pierrepoint when she returns, I shall trust to you to let me know. I would rather not come in contact with her husband, if I can help it."

Dr. Crosby had a bill standing against Hugh Pierrepoint for attendance on his wife, and had a vivid recollection of being accused by that gentleman of having made a case out of Ginevra's illness for his own benefit; so he did not care to meet him.

"I'm afraid a good many people feel that way towards him," Mr. Burt said, as he rose to go. "I know Ido; but I must meet him once. I hope the news I have to tell him will bring him to his senses a little. Good-day, Dr. Crosby, and thank you, in that poor girl's name, for all your kindness."

"She's welcome to anything I can do. Good-day, Mr. Burt. I shall look to you for news when there is any."

But there was none to tell that day, nor the next. Mr. Burt took a cab and drove to the theatre where Hugh Pierrepoint and Madeline Vere were both engaged. No doubt the careless man had stayed on till daybreak in the fascinating society he found there, and had avoided coming to his sorrowful home till the child's illness should be over, one way or another. But, though rehearsal was in full swing, and they both had important parts, neither the actor nor the actress had put in an appearance.

"And a pretty kettle of fish there is over it," the hallkeeper, who knew Mr. Burt, told him. "The governor's swearing like mad, and vows he'll sack Mr. Pierrepoint without notice. I don't think he will, though. Mr. P. hasn't sent a word of apology, even. Miss Vere's different. She sent to say she had a headache—we know what that means; she don't want to come—but we have to put up with whatever aches she chooses to have. It pays, you see."

"Ah—h!" said Mr. Burt, with a shrug of disgust. "Then you don't know anything of Mr. Pierrepoint?"

"No, sir; maybe she does."

"I will go and ask her," Mr. Burt said gravely, taking no notice of the man's sneer, and directing his cabman to drive to Oxford street as fast as he could.

The servant who opened the door stared when he asked for Hugh Pierrepoint.

"He's never here of a morning, sir," she said civilly. "I don't think he came back after I let him out last night."

"What time did he leave?"

"Before twelve, sir. I know that, because I heard Miss Vere going on at him for going before he had seen the New Year in. He said he should be back, but I am almost sure he didn't come. I didn't let him in."

"Tell Miss Vere I wish to see her."

"She's ill, sir; bad headache."

"I'm sorry to disturb her, but I must see her. I have something to say to her. She is up, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

He strode upstairs and knocked at the door of the actress' room.

"Come in," she said, starting to her feet in astonishment and anger at the sight of him.

She looked pale and ill, but wondrously lovely in her loose morning-robe. It was one of her chief maxims to be daintily attired in the morning. She was not a slipshod woman one-half the day and an overdressed doll the rest; and herein, it may be, lay the secret of a great deal of her success. She was angry at being intruded on, but not a little amazed at what Mr. Burt told her.

"I am not Hugh Pierrepoint's keeper," she said, "that you should seek him at my hands in this way. I have not seen him since last night. He broke up my party through going off in that odd way, and I don't thank him for it."

CHAPTER V.—WHAT THE RIVER GAVE UP.

Look at her garments,
Clinging like cerements,
While the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing.
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.—HOOD.

The actress looked up at Mr. Burt as she spoke, and he saw that her statement was true. She had wonderfully speaking eyes, and, bad and heartless though she might be, she was no lover of falsehood—she was bluntly outspoken, and would not stoop to a lie.

"I can't think why you should worry me about Hugh Pierrepoint," she said. "I can hardly hold up my head, I am so ill, and I have not a notion where he can be."

"I came to you, Miss Vere, because report says that your house is a sure place to find him, and he is badly wanted in the house he neglects for you."

"Report tells fibs, as usual," she said with a flout. "I don't see why *I* should be blamed if a man finds my society pleasanter than that of an ugly, ill-conditioned, ill-tempered woman, who wears his life out with complaints, and a fretful, sickly child. There is peace here, at any rate."

"Is that the description he has given you of his wife and child?"

"It is what I have gathered from what he has told me. He has always given me to understand that his marriage was the greatest misfortune of his life."

"Heaven forgive him!" said Mr. Burt in a shocked tone. "His punishment is coming upon him. Miss Vere, Hugh Pierrepoint's wife is a lady—a pure, loving creature, who, but for his neglect and ill-treatment, would take precedence of even your loveliness for beauty. She has kept his house till her patience has given way, worn out. Her child was not fretful, as I can testify who have lived in the house all its little life and never heard its voice. It will trouble no one any more."

"Why, what has happened?"

"It is dead, Miss Vere!"

"Dead!"

"Yes. Mine was no trumped-up story last night. It died in the servant-girl's arms, with the old year, last night, while its father was roystering here with you, and its mother gone, Heaven only knows where."

"You are hard, Mr. Burt. There was no roystering, as you call it, here last night; and, as I told you before, Mr. Pierrepoint left before twelve. What do you mean by saying that the child's mother is gone?"

"Exactly what I say. She went out to seek a doctor for her baby last night, and has never been seen or heard of since. The doctor came, but from the time she turned away from his door she seems to have vanished. I am at my wit's end, and I very much fear she has been murdered."

"Murdered! O Mr. Burt!"

"I do, indeed. She had a large sum of money about her. I was in hopes that I should find she had put it away somewhere; but I have taken the liberty of searching, as far as I could, and I am sure she had it upon her."

Miss Vere's headache had vanished completely while she listened, and every vestige of color died out of her cheeks.

"Oh, it is horrible! horrible!" she murmured, half to herself, as it seemed.

"What is horrible, Miss Vere?"

"My thought!" she said excitedly. "I will tell you; but you must not repeat it. Hugh Pierrepoint wanted money."

"He always does."

"No; but for something special—something that had to be done to-day. I heard him say—not to me, but to one of my visitors—that he would sell his soul to get twenty pounds before to-day. Mr. Burt, did he know of that money?"

JOHN HOWORTH, PANORAMA MANAGER.

For Biographical Sketch See Page 308.

"No."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite; for Mrs. Pierrepoint did not receive it till yesterday afternoon, and he has not been near the house since."

"Nor near her?"

"No. You say he was here till nearly twelve?"

"Yes."

"And it was about ten when she went out. Unless they met somewhere, he is innocent of any harm that may have befallen her. I must own I fear the very worst."

"And there is no one to bury that poor baby?"

"No one."

"Mr. Burt, may I do something? I have plenty, and I am not so heartless as you fancy me; indeed, I would gladly help if you would let me. If its father does not return, the poor baby must not be left for the parish to bury."

"It shall not, be sure of that," Mr. Burt replied, wondering at the unwonted tears that had gathered in Madeline Vere's eyes, and thinking that perhaps there might be something womanly in her nature, after all. Longfellow was right when he said:

"That woman in her deepest degradation
Holds something sacred, something undefiled,
Some pledge and keepsake of her higher nature;
And, like the diamond in the dark, retains
A quenchless gleam of the celestial light."

The gleam of light in this poor girl's nature was a woman's instinctive love and pity for helpless children. Had a child come to her in her reckless, sinful life, it might have lured her back into the paths of honesty and truth, and made her strive to rank herself among good women once more. Mr. Burt looked at her with tenderness in his kindly eyes.

"There will be no need," he said. "Everything will be done that is wanting. Thank you all the same for offering. If Hugh Pierrepoint should call upon you to-day, you will do your best to send him home, will you not?"

"Of course I will; but I do not think I shall see him, if he has got any money from anywhere," and her voice dropped and her eyes dilated at the thought that she had lately put into words. "He is gone out of town."

"Where to?"

"Ah, that I cannot tell you. I did not hear—indeed, I am speaking the truth. I would not deceive you now," she added, with a pitiful doubt of being believed that was painful to see. "I don't think you would. If you get any news of him, let me know."

And with a more cordial adieu than ever he deemed it possible he could utter to her, Mr. Burt bade Miss Vere good-bye.

"The best way will be to look over her things," Mrs. Sebright said decidedly. "I know what she had, and we shall see what isn't there. Whatever is missing will be what she was wearing."

There was not much to look over, as Mr. Burt well knew, and the landlady exclaimed at the empty state of the drawers and boxes. A good deal of linen was there, all marked, but very few articles of outside wear.

"She must have been pawning her things," she said. "Dear me, we shall never find out. Oh, I think I know what is most likely. Her big plaid shawl used to hang here, and her hood. She must have worn them."

Mr. Burt thought not; but he was getting so bewildered and worried with anxiety that he could not be sure. He felt almost certain that the very hood and shawl Mrs. Sebright spoke of were among the wraps he had himself rolled up for her and taken away to the station. It was all a fearful mystery, and the more he thought the more bewildered he grew. He was quite right—the shawl and hood *were* in that bundle, and it was a very lame description that was given to the policeman of Ginevra's attire when she left home.

The poor little child was buried with no parents or friends to follow it to the grave. Two other lodgers of Mrs. Sebright's, out of respect to her and Mr. Burt, and the old actor himself, stood by the little coffin while it was lowered into the grave—and still there were no tidings of either of its parents.

Mr. Burt was sitting alone in his room, thinking sadly of all the mystery, when the funeral was over, and feeling almost as though he had lost a daughter in the patient, sad-eyed Ginevra, when he was roused by the sound of clattering footsteps coming upstairs at flying speed, and Sally burst wildly into the room, her rough hair literally standing on end, and her eyes almost starting out of her head.

"Oh, please, missis says will you come down?" she gasped.

"What is the matter? Is there any news? Don't cry, Sally," for the girl had burst into tears of fright and excitement. "Has Mrs. Pierrepoint come back?"

"Oh, no! I mean yes. It's a policeman, and please will you come down?" and Sally's sobs grew quite hysterical in their vehemence.

Mr. Burt left her to recover herself, and went downstairs.

In the hall were Mrs. Sebright, sobbing almost as vehemently as her handmaiden upstairs, and two policemen, looking as sympathetic as men can look in hideous uniform and shapeless helmets. On the hall table was a wet bundle just opened.

"It's the poor dear's things," the landlady sobbed. "She did wear that hood and shawl, and she's dead! Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

Mr. Burt examined the articles and recognized them with wonder, for, on thinking it over, he had come to be quite sure about their being at the station. He remembered them so well, and what Ginevra had said about the hood being so much more comfortable than a hat or a bonnet for traveling, especially at night. When had she got them again, and how did they come here now? He turned them over to make sure, and recoiled with sick horror, for the inside of the hood was marked with other stains than those the water had left—stains that told their own mute story of foul play.

"If you identify these things as those the poor lady wore," the foremost officer said, "there's no doubt of what has happened to her. She's dead, as this good lady says."

"They are her things, without a doubt," Mr. Burt said. "But where is she, and how——"

"How do we come to know, sir? The body was got out of the water this morning; it's lying at Bow street now for identification."

"I will go at once."

"It's not a pretty sight, sir," the policeman said. "There's been bitter, bad work over it. The face is beaten all to pieces. All you can tell about her head is that she had long, light-ish hair, very thick and fine."

"So she had," struck in Sally, who had come down amongst them. "I brushed it for her only a week ago. 'Sally,' says she, 'my arms ache,' and I just took the brush and did it for her, and now she's dead, and I shall never see her any more."

And Sally sat down on the bottom step of the stairs unchecked by her mistress, and howled to her heart's content. Mr. Burt went back with the men to Bow street, and looked with shuddering horror on what lay there. He could not tell anything from the rest of the dress. Mrs. Pierrepoint had worn a black dress to the best of his belief, and this poor corpse was in black. The long, fair hair was there, and a wedding-ring on the left hand; but, as the policeman said, the face told nothing.

"Better not look at it, sir," he said as Mr. Burt touched the small cloth laid over it. "Her mother or her husband wouldn't know her, poor thing, if they tried ever so hard to recognize her."

But Mr. Burt did look, and the sight he saw haunted him to the last hour of his life. Sadly enough he went back, after consulting the authorities, and soon handbills were out offering rewards for information, and a free pardon to anyone not actually concerned in the murder who would throw some light on it. No one came to claim the money, and an inquest was held, and a verdict recorded of "Willful murder by some person or persons unknown;" and again Mr. Burt stood by an open grave, and heard the sods fall on Ginevra Pierrepoint's coffin.

There was no sign of her husband; but Miss Vere sent a note to the actor, stating that she had reliable information that on New-Year's Day Hugh Pierrepoint had taken a ticket at Paddington station for Weston-super-Mare. The information ended there. No one of that name had been heard of in the town, and Mr. Burt gave up the quest and settled down into his old ways, feeling as though a great gap had been suddenly made in his life. He took means to get back the box that Ginevra had sent to the station, but the bundle of shawls was not forthcoming. They must have been claimed, the clerk said; but so many parcels came and went through their hands that it was impossible for him to remember any particular one.

CHAPTER VI.—IN THE DAILY PAPER.

A strange coincidence, to use a phrase
By which such things are settled nowadays.
—BYRON.

The feeling that Hugh Pierrepoint had something to do with the disappearance and death of his wife grew and gathered strength in two minds. Miss Vere never could think of her lost admirer without a shiver; and Mr. Burt, though he felt sure that the secret of the money was known only to himself and Ginevra, could not help fancying that her husband had in some way found it out, and, failing to get it by any fair means, had laid violent hands on her. He never spoke of it—it seemed too horrible a suspicion to be breathed. The police had made inquiries as to the whereabouts of Mr. Pierrepoint at the time Ginevra went a-missing, but had failed to connect him in any way with her disappearance. And so all talk about the mystery died out, as such things do. There was no one to inquire after either husband or wife. Mrs. Pierrepoint's clothes remained at Mrs. Sebright's untouched, and the shawl and hood which were such a puzzle to Mr. Burt passed into his possession, and were carefully stowed away. Some day, perhaps, something might throw a light on all that was so dark now. Other lodgers came into the dingy drawing-room floor, and heard the story of the husband who was missing, and the wife who was spirited away from her dying child to die a violent death by the hands of some unknown assassins.

Mrs. Sebright's rooms came to have quite a romantic notoriety, and the good lady rather liked it. She grew fond of telling the story, and was wont to speak of Ginevra as though she had been a dear daughter, rather than the slighted, uncared-for lodger, whom she had been given to snubbing on account of her impecunious condition and her husband's irregular proceedings.

Miss Vere had been correctly informed as to Hugh Pierrepoint's having taken a ticket at Paddington; but no such person had been heard of at Weston-super-Mare. Mr. Henry Parkes had flourished about in style there, and had won a good deal of money. The Traveling Tinker had come off with flying colors, and filled the pockets of those who had put their trust in him. Henry Parkes found himself with over two hundred pounds in his pocket when the day was over, and said to himself that he would return to London and make his excuses to his wife, and, what was better still, he could give her the money back two-fold. Of course, he would know nothing about the baby's death. There would be no need to tell her how his hand had dropped upon the little dead face. He should say that he had not been farther than the drawing-room, and be full of sorrow and sympathy for her in the trial that she had had. He would telegraph to her, and go home by the night-mail. But, alas! his good intentions went to the paving of the place that must be doubly lined with paving-stones by this time. Hugh Pierrepoint never went back. His engagement, his wife, his whole future career, were sacrificed at the shrine of an evil genius. On his way to the telegraph-office he met three or four of the choice spirits with whom he consorted on occasions like this, who beguiled him back to the hotel for a bottle of champagne. Half an hour would make no difference, they said, and they had something to tell him. The something was a communication regarding another event to come off the next day, but one at which there was a certainty of making a pot of money if they went judiciously to work. There was a horse named Butterfingers, very low down in the betting, who was going to do wonders. Wouldn't Parkes go with them, and try his luck again? Henry Parkes at first declared he couldn't—that his wife didn't know where he was, and would be frightened.

"Best thing in the world for the women," said the mover of the motion; "takes the nonsense out of them. Why, my missis doesn't know where I am for weeks at a stretch sometimes. It don't do to tell your wife everything!"

"No; but the child is ill," Hugh said with a shiver as he recalled the darkness and the dead body.

"Then you're not wanted," the man said roughly. "Kids are always better with their mothers only, when they're ill. Have some more champagne, and leave the old woman to take care of herself for a couple of days. She'll forgive you when you take her home a thou or two to stop her mouth."

The champagne made Hugh Pierrepoint reckless; and, when his friends helped him to bed in the small hours, he had not telegraphed to Ginevra, nor did he go back to London. Half drunk and wholly reckless, he went on to the next races, and laid all his money on Butterfingers at terrible odds. If the horse lost, he should have to make a bolt of it, and be seen no more. If he won —— But the possibility was too tremendous, and would not bear thinking of. But Butterfingers did win, and Hugh Pierrepoint's money increased itself tenfold. He left the course with over two thousand pounds in his possession, and closed the day in a wild saturnalia of drink and debauchery, from which he was carried to bed as insensible as a stone. That there is "honor among thieves" was proved by the fact that none of his companions robbed him of any of his ill-gotten money, save in the way of spending a good deal of it in drink and dissipation. It was otherwise intact when he came to inspect it when his senses fully returned. He woke from what seemed only a few hours' sleep with a splitting headache, a sense of unutterable nausea and loathing of the world and all in it, and the noise of dashing water and the creaking and groaning of a ship's progress in his ears. He tried to sit up, but fell flat down again in hopeless prostration.

"What has happened? Where the deuce am I?" he asked, and a voice his clouded brain hardly recognized answered him:

"On board the Blusterer, my boy, and a fine, chopping sea on. We ought to have made Calais half an hour ago, but we shan't be long now."

"Calais!" His bewilderment was getting greater every moment. "What for?" he asked feebly.

"En route for Paris, my boy. We made up our minds last night, but we couldn't get any sense out of you—you were so confoundedly screwed. We couldn't wake you in time for the train, so we just put you into a cab and tooled you to the station. But you remember coming on board, surely? You were pretty right then."

"I remember nothing since Smith sang a song last night. Oh, my head—it's splitting! Get me something, Phillips, will you?"

Mr. Phillips knew very well what to get, and fetched a brimming tumbler of liquor that was like nectar of the gods to the parched mouth that received it, and, having drunk it, the sufferer was able to look round him with some faint perception of the reality of things.

"I must have been screwed," he said reflectively. "How on earth did you get me on board?"

"Why, you walked between Smith and me. You seemed getting all right then."

"I don't remember in the least. What a scurvy trick to play me! I must get back by the next boat."

"Nonsense, as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb. A day or two won't make much difference. I dare say Mrs. Parkes can get on without you."

"I dare say she can. It isn't that; but——"

"Oh, bother but! Come with us and have a couple of days' spree in Paris. The city's worth seeing at this time of the year."

"The woman who deliberates is lost," says Addison; but the quotation is equally applicable to men of Hugh Pierrepoint's calibre. He deliberated till the boat touched Calais pier. There was no packet back for some hours, and the Paris train was waiting. He went on with his friends, and gave up all thought of returning in a hurry. He had no definite plan, save that of present enjoyment, and with him everything in the world might go by for that. He had been forgiven by managers and excused by the public a score of times for some such escapade as this, and it would be all right when he had had his fling. He would not spend his money recklessly, he thought. He would still have plenty left when he went back to make his peace with Ginevra, and he would not be quite so careless of her for the future. Perhaps his stopping away would help to cure her of her puling, whining ways. The child's death would leave her free, and she would have time to think for herself a little more. He shuddered as he thought of the child, and wondered how the funeral had been managed. Of course he would make it all right when he got home, and he would say he had been detained by illness. He would tell Phillips his real name, and get him to go home with him and testify to the fact, if necessary.

Two days had passed since the arrival of the party in Paris, and they had enjoyed the pleasures of the gay capital to the uttermost. Strolling into a cafe for some refreshment, they sat down at a table on which lay a daily paper, a new one, barely twenty-four hours old. Hugh Pierrepoint took it up with an Englishman's avidity for a newspaper, while the waiter explained that it had been laid down by a gentleman, who would doubtless find out his loss and come back for it.

"All right, it's quite safe," he said, and turned over the pages in search of news.

Suddenly his companions heard him utter a stifled exclamation, and, looking at him, saw that he was as pale as a corpse, and seemingly much agitated. Nothing was the matter, he said. There was an odd story in the paper—rather a nasty affair—murder and so forth. He put on his hat and went outside whilst they finished their repast—his appetite seemed to be quite gone—and Mr. Phillips took up the paper and looked for the cause of his disturbance. A nasty story, truly—a "penny-a-liner's" story, written in the gushing style so dear to the hearts of the "specials" nowadays—the story of Ginevra Pierrepoint's disappearance, her baby's death, and how she herself had been fished out of the water, with her head battered to pieces, and only to be recognized by her hair and her dress. Every little incident was dilated upon, every horror described, as though the writer were familiar with every species of murder, and loved to dilate upon its horrors; but every word meant money, so it was natural for him to digress. At the end of the paragraph, after the description of facts which were undeniable, came the bits of rumor, stating that Ginevra was said to have had a large sum of money about her, and hinting that if her husband was found a good deal more light would be thrown upon the mystery.

"It's a grim story," said Mr. Phillips, when he had finished, "a very grim story. Where's Parkes? He said he knew the people."

"Outside. He must know them very intimately to be so upset over it. Why, he's gone. Where can he have got to?"

Back to the hotel, it seemed, for he was nowhere about, and there they only found a note.

DEAR PHILLIPS.—I must be off back to England at once. Don't let my going break up your party. I have only just time to catch the train.

Yours, etc., H. PARKES.

But Mr. Parkes was not en route for England; he was speeding away as fast as rail and steam could carry him towards Marseilles, there to take ship for Port Said, and get to Australia in the quickest fashion he could. A horror had seized him that he might be arrested for murder, and how could he prove an alibi? He had spent the night of his wife's disappearance in a most desultory and suspicious manner, and the murder might have been done at any time. He had had the money, too, and there were several people who could swear to his impecunious condition only the day before.

In his fright he wove a chain of circumstantial evidence which seemed to his terrified brain to be too strong to break through, and he fled incontinently. Ginevra was dead—that fearful fact was evident enough—and he was extremely shocked and sorry; but what need was there for him to go back and rake it all up again, when he had money in his pocket, and a chance of beginning life afresh somewhere else?

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE FRAUDULENT BANKER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JOHN COOPER VAIL.

He was a person of high degree,
Straight-laced and strict as a Pharisee.
His face was broad, with a double chin,
And no one asserted he talked "too thin."
His unctuous cheeks made a quiet bound
Of "turtle-soup" and of "quail on toast."
His portly form and his manly chest
Were never advised to "journey West."
And, being shaved as clean as his cash,
No one could say "wipe off your moustache."
He parted his hair behind his ears,
And 'twas long enough for Delilah's shears.
And, like a Christian most fair to view,
He said his prayers from a gilded pew—
Long prayers, that made sinners squirm again—
"Red-hot and still heating," to grim amen.
He prayed for the yellow-skinn'd Chinese,
Wild Nanuaquas and the swart Feejee,
Though the humble poor man, suffering nigh,
He would pass, like the Priest and Levite, by;
And nothing to him he would bestow,
Because "it wasn't his way, you know."
A solid man in the foremost rank,
As president of a "savings-bank,"
Where was garnered up the orphan's right
And the lonely widow's little mite;
A marble fabric, with frontage bold,
And rumored to be a mine of gold:
While circulars bright the picture drew,
Depositors found old Midas' clue;
And those investing a dollar a day
Would acquire wealth in a marvelous way.
And by the year 3,000, with care,
A man might become a billionaire;
And should he live to Methusaleh's years,
The world would owe him some vast arrears.
A glorious prize, in the future tense,
When ten hours' labor brought ninety cents—
And folks paid in their dollars and dimes,
Believing the venture would bring flush times;
And the president, who "ruled the roast,"
Stuck to "turtle soup" and "quail on toast;"
While some who invested their surplus cash
Were simmer'd down to a plate of hash.
But a startling rumor went abroad
That the "savings-bank" was a gilded fraud,
And ere many days had glided o'er
"Suspended!" was written above the door.
And the people's money had gone astray
Where the "woodbine twineth," far away.
The only funds to furnish supplies
Were perjury, fraud, and boundless lies;
But a jury thought such tricks were vain,
And figured them up into stealing, plain.
And the unctuous, sleek, fat president,
By their honest verdict, to Sing Sing went;
With five years' time "to pull down his vest,"
And give his victims "a special rest;"
Where "turtle soup" he will never know,
And "quail on toast"—well, 'tis not for Joe—"
But freely partake, thourn something loth,
Of molasses and mush, with Spartan broth.
Who robs the widow or orphan poor
Should meet with a similar sentence, sure.

ADELA'S LOVER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY HUBERT H. DUVAR.

I opened the locket and gazed long and eagerly on the portrait it contained, fascinated by the rich, rare beauty of the face. The portrait of a girl of about seventeen, in the first glory of such marvelous beauty as is seldom seen—almost regal in the proud arch of the neck and the classic regularity of features, yet with an all-pervading expression of womanly sweetness that showed it was not merely the type of an artistic dream of beauty but of a gentle, confiding woman, born to be loved, and to love in return. There was intellect, too, in that grand, broad brow, as well as sensibility in the curve of that delicate mouth, and one could dream longingly of the glances that might be showered on some favored one from those large, hazel eyes, beneath their long, silken lashes and magnificent eyebrows. "Adela" I read beneath it, and then I turned to the dead man's body with an emotion I had thought years of fighting with the world had pretty well removed from my nature.

Beyond the fact of the portrait, there was nothing unusual about the affair—indeed, it was an almost everyday occurrence in that wild Western locality for someone to be shot as the young Englishman had been, and nobody troubled their heads about the matter. But in this instance the portrait and the romance it suggested stirred the sentiment that is in every man's nature more or less, in the breasts of the bystanders, and a self-constituted jury determined the murderer should be brought to justice.

He had been killed by a revolver-bullet through the brain, and beyond this locket, hung by a piece of faded ribbon around his neck, beneath the rough miner's shirt, there was not the slightest clue to his identity; yet it could be plainly seen that his hands had not always been used to the pickaxe, and his handsome, clear-cut features and dark eyes, that were now staring blindly at the sun, bespoke aristocratic birth.

The corpse was carried under shelter, and the jury in a body started to find the murderer. It was not hard to do. Within fifteen minutes he was discovered, standing at the bar, disposing of a glass of whiskey, and the ex-sheriff walked up and laid his hand on his shoulder. He made an effort to draw his revolver, but a dozen men sprang to prevent him, and in a second his hands were bound securely together.

"What's all this about, anyhow?" he growled.

"It was a square fight—I'll swear it was."

"That's got to be proved," the Judge answered, "and you'd best keep anything you've got and say it to the Court."

The Court sat in less than half an hour. There was not much dignity about it, but it answered the purpose well enough. It was held in the same saloon where the man had been arrested, and, the Court having "liquored" in a dignified way, silence was proclaimed and the Judge rose from his seat.

"Now, look hyar," he said, addressing the prisoner, "we don't want no prosecution nor nothin'! The man's dead, that is settled: and what we want ter find out is what did yer kill him for?"

"Well," he replied, "yer see, it was all simple enough, Judge. I was standin' drinks all round for the crowd, and in course I asked him along—ter the rest, but he wouldn't come, and then it kem to pass somehow that him and me went outside for a while, and he wasn't able ter fetch himself back. But it was all fair, Judge. You kin bet on that, for I aint no other kind. I'll swear it was, and that's Bill Briggs'll do the same, for he was thar too."

Bill Briggs was accordingly sworn, and as he sustained his friend's assertion the jury gave a verdict of "not guilty" without leaving their seats.

The prisoner was accordingly released from his bonds, and was looking around with a triumphant scowl, when one of the jurymen rose from his seat and addressed the crowd.

"See hyar, pards," he said, "we hev decided that Bob Blackett aint guilty, since he fout the feller in a square fight; but it's too derned rough on the gal in the picture all the same. Dern my limbs! of she aint the prettiest little heifer ever I set eyes on; and since she aint able ter do nothin for yer for killin her feller, I'm agoin ter do it fer her; and dern my ornary old eyebrows! Bob Blackett, but I takes up with the gal, and yer've got ter fight me for it."

He touched his revolver significantly as he spoke, and the crowd applauded vociferously. It just struck their humor at the moment. They had all felt a sort of rough compassion for the girl who had lost her lover, and would have been glad of some way to show their sympathy. Here was the very opportunity.

There was a general rush for the door, and in a few moments the two men had taken their positions and were waiting the signal to fire.

"Now, boys," said the "Judge," "when I say 'three' yer both jest let drive."

"One—two—three."

Both men fired simultaneously, and with a loud cry Bob Blackett fell to the ground, his hand clutching wildly at his side. His antagonist was bleeding from the arm, but remained standing. They all crowded around the fallen man, who, with glaring eyes and distorted features, was panting wildly for breath.

"It was a square fight," he said once more, and then fell back dead.

An air of satisfaction pervaded the crowd. A man's life was nothing much, one way or the other, at any time, and certainly nothing at all now in comparison with the general serenity of the community; and the avenger of Adela's lover was the hero of the hour and the treated of everyone, while the story soon came to be one of the pet legends of the place, to be told to every stranger who visited it.

The body of the unknown man was buried in a grove of pines that grew on a cliff overlooking the sounding sea, and one tranquil Summer afternoon I visited the spot and carved in a rough way to carve on a boulder at the head of the grave the words "Adela's Lover," the date, and "I wait."

It pleased my fancy to do this. I still have the locket, and often think of the sad story it suggests, of the eager, ambitious youth pushing his way to the "golden land" to make his fortune, and the lovely girl in her English home waiting through the weary months and years and sighing her heart away for the return of him who sleeps forever beneath the murmuring pines on the shores of the ocean that rolls between them. And there one's thoughts wander wistfully towards the veil our eyes may not penetrate, and the faithful superstition of our youth of another golden land, where the loved ones long parted meet again on the gleaming shore washed by the Jasper Sea.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1878.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

W. E. H., St. Catherines.—This game, not because only to watch it as used, but because taken generally, ought not to be a record. But you ask no question, and a wager predicated upon futurity, and without knowledge of where the bet took place, is not entitled to consideration. We think, however, that in the absence of any special condition, the bet is decided by the result of the game. Of course, if you make a condition, you have a right to insist upon it; but if you make no condition, you have no right to object to do in the future in a specific case—in other words, whether or not this time you speak of will become a precedent. It is more likely that the consideration—if it had the power of the National Trotting Association, for example—would expel both horses and their owners, as well as the gentleman "selected to pay which horse came in first." That gentleman should either have taken the time himself, or have appointed a timekeeper. This was a trot for money, there was a judge, in spite of the way in which you described him, and thus the race, even if it took place in a cornfield, was a public one. It is evident that timing was not desired, and this, if the trot took place within the jurisdiction of the National or any association modeled after it, all parties became subject to the penalties prescribed for suppression at times. Such is the law. Its administration, as we have said, is tempered by large discretionary powers.

M. L. S., Chicago.—The two games are analogous, not identical. Within the spirit of your agreement, which clearly meant that both should stop indulging in a particular game they had both been playing, the two games are different. It was not intended by entering into that agreement you dreamed of "pyramids" any more than of pinpool. The game prohibited was fifteen-ball pool, not "pyramids." Had the ball game been billiards instead, for example, that would not have, what either party out from the English game, although the latter is also one of carooms, and one of three balls. In this country the term "three-ball game" has a special and well-understood meaning, for has "pyramids," and so has "fifteen-ball pool." "Pool" covers both games; "billiards" covers all; but "pyramids" does not cover "fifteen ball pool." If it did, clearly, then, for example, had made a match to play fifteen ball pool could get out of it by insisting upon playing "pyramids." There seems to be no special reason that an argument which would not hold good in a match should operate with regard to your agreement.

G. F. C., Bridgeport.—Our decision was asked, and we gave it. It was that in this country, in a public room, or even in a private room, when it comes to a dispute, 61 out of 120 was the "fifteen-ball pool," and eight balls out of fifteen as "pyramids." Parliamentary, if A agrees to play B the best in 21 games at anything, and as odds allows B to deduct from A's score one game for every game won by B, then the winning of the first eleven games by A makes him winner of the match, although it is plain that B, should both continue and play the entire twenty-one games, could easily carry A off all but one of his eleven. The reverse of this is what C. F. C. maintains. In giving our decision, our duty ended, and we may be permitted to suggest that his—a graceful deference—began. It is not material what he has been accustomed to do in his own house here, or in England, or in China. We concede that he must have some reason for the stand he has taken. Were there no reasons for disputes, there would be no disputes. Each has a reason, here or in China, is not good law for us, and we do not propose to change pyramid-playing in America by deciding that his way of playing it is right in America.

Amos, Philo.—You are wrong. The question between you was not when morning began, but when night began, on Dec. 11. It began at sundown, and ended at sunrise on the 12th. There are two mornings to every day. One begins at the last stroke of twelve at night, and the other at the last stroke of twelve at noon. The first is morning in its strictest sense; the second is morning in a restricted sense. One morning is a part of the night; the other is not. Therefore but one "night." In a strict sense there is but one "evening," that which, at a time between sundown and total darkness, though in another sense the evening is made up of a part of the afternoon, as well as of a part of the night. So, you see, we have divided into more parts than one morning, noon, and night.

WILLIAMS.—It would waste space to print the question. A guessed with B for the drinks, and lost; A guessed with C for a cigar, and lost. Do A and B have to pay? No. Do A and C have to pay? No. Do A and B and C have to guess over again? No. There is a principle upon which C could claim to now guess with B; but this would be dignifying a mere guessing for drinks into a tournament, such as billiards or ball playing, in which, as a test of skill, each competitor plays with every other. If A is exempt—as C admits that he is—it must be for the same reason that C (in the supposed case) is stuck—the latter was beaten by A as A was by B. Upon no principle can it be required that A shall guess three times to C's twice, to say nothing of B's once.

G., Boston.—1. A cannot count the jack. No jack can count, in "running," unless immediately preceding its being turned every player has received three cards. 2. The third player has nothing to say as to begging, standing or "assisting" of the second player. He has no right to a trump's being made, as well as to bunching, which latter process gives the dealer too many chances to turn jack. The beggar might favor the dealer, were dealer low man. 3. A and B are right so far as each is called on that one point. The cards have not got to be played out, and cassino is not obliged.

A. S., Pittsburg.—The second player did not order up his partner's card by "assisted" him, really. But, whether he "assisted" him or ordered him up, the partner could not play alone, except by mutual agreement. Another thing, the third player did not pass, because he could not. The second player having fixed the trump by "assisting," the third player had no voice as to that trump—nor had the dealer, for the matter of that. The dealer had to do as the second player lit up, and play it with the assistance of the second player.

J. T. SMITH, Colon.—In playing games on ice, the rules of the game differ in many respects. For instance, lines of three feet in length mark the boundaries, and the moment they are crossed by the skater they are made. In crossing the line of a base, the runner must return and recross the line before going to another base, or otherwise he is liable to be touched out in returning. All balls within fair reach of the bat are fair, and only wide balls are called. Five innings constitute a full game, and catches of bound balls in the air are allowed.

E. HANLAN AND G. FOX, Toronto.—If the bet was that C. E. Courtney's boat was never damaged "on the Schuylkill River," Philadelphia, to such an extent as to prevent him from competing in the race, this is not true, for it was said, as the damage which prevented Courtney taking part in the National Association regatta of 1873 was done to his boat while it lay in the boat-house of the Vesper Club, which is in Philadelphia, on the Schuylkill.

W. E., Newark.—The consequence of that thoughtlessness in not equalizing the players is that all three are just where they started from, except that all three are poorer in pocket. Could you have a probable muddle when S. was to give F. 25 and B. was to give F. but 15, and yet B. and S. were to play even? If the matter had been equalized for S. giving B. 10, or by S. and B. each giving F. either 15 or 25, there could have been no muddle.

CONSTANT READER, Winchester.—1. You cannot strictly be ordered up by your partner. There is a mongrel game called railroad euchre, in which your partner could go alone and call for your best card, and either of the opponents could call for his partner's best card and go alone against your partner's. 2, 3. Those matters you will find in THE CLIPPER ALMANAC, to be issued early in January next.

E. L., Cleveland.—1. Sancho pedro is a form of auction-pitch, and that in turn is a form of all fours. "You must follow suit or trump." 2. It is a matter of opinion. 3. It would be risky to say that he does not. We do not know that he does, and at all events he does not advertise himself as such in our columns. 4. Troupes of that class stop and start fresh every few weeks. Watch our amusement columns.

W. S. P.—W. E. Burton made his last appearance in his Chambers-street Theatre Sept. 6, 1856, when that theatre, which had closed June 7 of that year, was reopened for Mr. Burton's farewell performance. He then played Admiral Boom in "The Serious Family" and Timothy Toodle in "The Toodles." He made his first appearance in his new theatre on Broadway, opposite Bond street, Sept. 8, 1856, playing Bob Acres in "The Rivals."

F. J., Sawyer, Baltimore.—E. W. Johnson's forte is jumping, especially high; but he is an excellent long-jumper, runner, weight-putter, hammer-thrower—in fact, an all-around athlete. He has the best record for standing high jumping, 5ft. 3in., and has cleared 6ft. 1in. in the running hop, step and jump. He is 6ft. ¾in. in height, and weighs 174lb.

NIAGARA INDEX.—1. A runner leaps from toe to toe, whereas a fair heel-and-toe walker keeps his knees straight, and does not remove the toe of the hindmost foot from the ground until the heel of the other is planted, both feet never being off the ground at the same time. You may. 3. Measure the track 18 inches from the inner edge. 4. The best five-mile walking time is 65m. 49s.

CANDY FIXTURE, Utica.—1. You lose. 2. You would lose. 3. In theory it may be millions or billions to one; and it is, if it be also 20 to 1. In practice it is one more than none at all; and for you to win at baseball, on our decision, the score would have had to be at least 13 to 1 or 0, or 24 to 2, and so on.

S. M. G., Baltimore.—Except by special agreement among all parties, a player cannot go alone on a trump that has been made in the same way. Neither can his opponent to the left of you nor your own partner could go alone on a trumpup upon which you "assisted," or on a trump made by yourself.

LEMON PEEL, Pittsburg.—All the chances that had been announced when the watch was put up were to be thrown, and it made no difference who owned, bought or threw those chances. Of course, if but fifty chances were announced, no chance beyond the fiftieth could be thrown, except with the consent of every party to the raffle.

SCIENCE.—1. If he raises his cards or looks at their face before discovering that he has not dropped his hand to first, and must stay out. If he discovers it before doing either, he can call for another card. 2. The same answer applies. It makes no difference what is the cause of his having four or five or many cards.

F. MOD., Mound City.—There are no reliable figures by which to determine it. It is a matter of rivalry between the two cities, and the special census of each bears out its own claim. We will leave it to a national census, and that will settle it—except in that city which is given the lesser population.

W. MOL., Phila.—"Is there any line of steamships that sails out of any port in the United States of America, besides the American line? This is a bet between me and another."..... The bettors should have stated the bet. Now we can only answer that sailing vessels of United States ports are steamships belonging to lines almost innumerable.

F. A. A.—The limits of the fighting weights, according to the P. R. schedule, are: Feather, up to 118; light, not exceeding 128; middle, 138; heavy, over 138. The limits of weights governing glove competitions between amateurs are: Feather, 120; light, 140; middle, 158; heavy, over 158.

MISS MILLER, Baltimore.—Under Greenfield, known as the Black Swan, died in Philadelphia, Pa., March 31, 1876. She sang in public in 1854, but was for many years in retirement before her death. 2. Lola Montez died here Jan. 17, 1861. She played here a few years before her death.

C. N., Hitsville.—A must pay. He fancies he said he would refuse to pay; but he didn't say that, and he himself will not deny that he meant the backdoor entirely different thing from what he said. It is an old dodge, and one more bitter in bit.

CYRRO, Hickory Town.—1. Cannot say. We take no note of home runs. 2. Depends on the language of the bet. Don't know. 3. The "whole" of which you says most for it—Spalding of Chicago very likely, as the New York houses don't want it. 4. CLIPPER ALMANAC; price, 15 cents.

V. S. P., Brooklyn.—The Lydia Thompson organization was never under J. H. Mavety's management; but several of the company have hitherto played under his management. 2. No; he is playing in a variety theatre in Milwaukee, Wis.

SHEEPSHEAD JACK.—Having the ace of trumps, the player's right to rob is clear, and the sooner he does it the better for him who has to lead. Having the king, without the ace, he may lead out and lick, as the ace may be in someone else's hand.

R. S., London.—Unless otherwise agreed, only that player can go alone at euchre who voluntarily takes up a trump, makes a trump, or establishes or fixes a trump either by assuming his partner or by ordering up an opponent.

J. R. C., Jackson.—The first steamboat that turned a wheel on the Mississippi River probably started from Pittsburg, where she was built. Her name is said to have been the Orleans, and she is said to have made her first trip from Pittsburg to New Orleans in 1812.

R. N., Fort Wayne.—Levy the cornet-player in 1870 played in all of the principal Western cities with the Adelaide Phillippa Concert Company, going as far as Omaha, Neb. At that time he probably played in Cleveland, O., but we have no record that he did.

JOS. PRESSTLY, England.—Rarus has an undisputed record of a mile trotted in 2m. 13¼s. He has also trotted a mile in 2:12¾, and that, though questioned when he made it, will be a record also, unless the National Association sets it aside.

DUBUQUE.—1. No. 2. Campana is 63 years old, 5ft. 5in. in height, and of very little, unburdened with useless flesh. Cannot give his exact height. 3. Tom Allen is in England. 4. No; shall be pleased to receive fresh items of interest.

J. C., Owensville.—The manufacturers call them anything and everything that will catch the public fancy. The bulk of billiard-tables made in this country during the past eight years have been of the carom (or pocketless) pattern.

T. R. D., Mossburg.—We have no prospectus, and the rules and regulations of billiard-rooms you can procure through billiard-table manufacturers, whose addresses may be found in their cards in our advertising columns.

W. H. R., Baltimore.—Each having the same number to go, he wins who first throws that number. The game means help your neighbor only as much a time as you cannot help yourself.

J. C., Kingston.—You were playing too, but proposed to bet on the cards as pooled among the opponent who was side three times. Those of a king to the highest poker-hand that can be held with three cards.

SUBSCRIBER.—1. May impose a claim to have been the first to introduce four-handed euchre. We think that was the first to introduce four-handed euchre. 2. Seventy. 3. Minstrels have eight end-men.

FRED. MILLER, Baltimore.—We do not know of any other propagation for the ground assertion as you and your friends state. Burnt cork would not answer, as it fries too quickly.

T. R., Boston.—You have MSS of a song, but asked no question. This may account for the result you got. Maybe you had the latter had overpraised, and could take that matter himself.

S. F. AND SON.—We know nothing of her. A letter of inquiry addressed to Frank Whittaker, a veteran circus performer, in care of this office, may elicit some information on the subject.

SPORT, Annapolis.—We do not keep a record of such jumps. Many persons could beat a height of 6ft. 4½in. with the aid of a spring-board.

DECEIVED.—"MAP on the Brain," "St. Cloud's Family."

MRS. C., Sheffield, Eng.—It might not benefit you to publish it, for, while those mentioned would be pleased, they might not like the said, might take a wrong view of it; to be letters were got beat by [illegible]

[illegible]—Charley Shaver and Tom Kay "Collector Jim" Conway.—The rules of the game. You can get the information you have stated, by the use in 1878.

J. F. D., Portland.—Having done what they knew how to perform, it is very natural that they did not know how of how much assistance they were. R. R., Boston, was the name for both to go into his defeat.

OLD TIMER, Patricia.—1. We are of opinion that it is not a record. 2. Cannot say what is the size of the smallest pony on exhibition.

F. T., Chattanooga.—Harry Everett, comedian, died in Steubenville, O., Sept. 19, 1875.

G. S., Reading.—A won the game on his high, and B lost it on jack.

A. J. M.—Three sixes beat any other three at pokerdice.

W. W., Reading.—O loses. His jack is "a day after the fair."

H. B. AND A.—A wins. You can call out on a sweep, and upon twenty-seven cards as soon as they are taken in.

R. N. F., St. Albans.—It will be a statue of the Goddess of Liberty, when we get it. As yet, we have but a part.

OLD READER, Centreville.—Excuse us. That is not a game, and it is not in our line.

OLD READER, Centreville.—A flush, when played, will beat three queens.

R. L.—The article appeared among our business cards, in which department only should your reply be given.

J. W. G., Bloomington.—You did wrong to pay the amount, but the deed is done just.

S. H., Philadelphia.—There is no reliable list that you can get possession of.

CAMBRIDGE.—Use dumb-bells.

O. W. H., Boston.—Apply at John Wood's Gymnasium, No. 6 East Twenty-eighth street.

O. L. K. AND J. F., Jefferson Barracks.—The best standing high jump is 6ft. 8in.; standing broad-jump, 10ft. 10in.

COURTLAND.—No record. Can you give us approximate date?

ARCANUM.—There is nothing for us to decide. It is as easy for you to consult that manual as for us.

W. G. S., Johnstown.—Address John Hodge, Lockport, N. Y.

S. P. S., Philadelphia.—There are no data published by which such questions can be answered.

ARCADE, Waterbury.—They are at 1,005 Arch street, Philadelphia.

G. T. M.—Inquire of Scott Bros., Fulton street, near Broadway.

H. B., Toledo.—The highest card in the game to be played. That is jack in euchre.

LOWELL, Maine.—High and low go out before jack made except by turning up it up in dealing.

EVANGELINE, Rochester.—Yes; with Rice's "Evangeline" Company.

CHARLEY MULLANE.—T. H. Armstrong's time, 4h. 9m. 19s., is the best by an amateur in America for fifty miles.

TROJAN, Troy.—See Ed. James' advertisement, and send for a catalogue.

MICHAEL SWEENY, McKeesport.—Address him in care of this office.

D. C. S.—Address a letter of inquiry to Lea Peasley, in care of this office.

A READER, New London.—He is playing in a variety theatre in Chicago, Ill., this week.

MISS AGNES, Cincinnati.—Address a letter to *him* in care of this office.

LUVIE.—We have no record of a contest between those parties.

FRED. BRANDIN.—The fastest walking time for 10 miles is 1h. 26m. 57s., by Wm. Perkins.

B. D. E., Fall River.—Did you mean the public-school law?

S. P. J.—It is called both Porkopolis and Queen City.

L. A., New Haven.—It is rather too late for it now.

S. W. S., Minneapolis.—Is not space.

G. C. E., Cleveland.—About 45 years of age.

W. L. T., East Liverpool.—Will examine it.

BALTIMORE AMATEUR.—Cannot say why.

C. A., Bridgeport.—Yes; sent as requested.

CONLEY, N. J.—Two miles and a half.

J. E. MCC., New York.—Out of print.

H. J. C., Sandusky.—Cannot say.

T. G. H., Albany.—A cannot do it.

OSWEGO.—Of course it is a count.

A. B., Boston.—Have no record.

J. R., South Dublin.—Call out as soon as twenty-one have been made.

C. R. B., Providence.—She is playing in the Olympic Theatre, St. Louis, Mo., this week.

A. S.—Sam Collyer beat Barney Aaron June 20, 1866, and was beaten by Aaron June 13, 1867.

W. S. T.—A letter addressed to him in care of this office will quickest reach him.

GALT.—

AMATEUR.

Continued from page 311.

"As You Like It," with Miss Mattie G. Dunlap as Rosalind, was presented at the Masonic Theatre, Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 13, 14, by the Vendt Dramatic Club.....The Evansville "Romeo and Juliet" Burlesque Company will appear at Nashville, Tenn., in January next.

The cantata of "Queen Esther," with Prof. R. W. Seager and home talent, was produced in Wheeling, W. Va., Dec. 10, 11, 13.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

Music and the Drama in Australia.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

MELBOURNE, Nov. 5, 1878.

Unavoidable absence from Melbourne at the time of the departure of the last mail prevented the forwarding of my usual monthly communication to you. I will, however, take up the thread and give you news up to this date. On Sept. 14, after much flourish of trumpets, George Rignold made his first appearance in this city, at the Theatre Royal, in "Henry V." Mr. Rignold's assumption of the role of the King was truly masterly. Possessing a comely presence and a commanding stature, he yet comports himself with dignity and ease, while blunt frankness is tempered with courtly urbanity. The drama was produced in a very creditable manner, the scenery, by Messrs. Voegtlin and John Hennings, being magnificent. Miss Solange Navaro appeared as the Princess, and acted well, and the Fluellen of C. H. Taylor, for a young an actor, was a performance far ahead of public expectation. The other characters were as a rule tolerably well sustained, but showed very plainly the artistic weakness of the company, although it was numerically strong. In some instances the actors were "like round pegs in square holes." Mr. Rignold's engagement has been a great success for the management, the house being crammed from floor to ceiling night after night. On Oct. 19 the royal monarch gave place to "The Woman in White," in which Wybert Reeve (lately arrived from England) made his initial appearance as Count Fosco. He has since appeared as Captain Wragge in "No Name" and Plumper in "Cool as a Cucumber." His term was not a success, for reasons I shall briefly touch upon by-and bye. On Saturday evening Mr. Rignold again appeared in "Henry V," and, it being the commencement of our racing week, the theatre was again crowded. Next week Samuel Emery, late of the Adelphi Theatre, London, is to put in a first appearance as Tegotty in "Little Em'ly," a part which he is said to have made essentially his own. With the exception of the time the boards of this theatre have been occupied by Mr. Rignold, the business done has been poor. Wybert Reeve leaves this week for Sydney, whither his agent, John Bryan, has preceded him to make the necessary arrangements for a short season.....George Rignold has arranged with George Darrell for a tour through New Zealand with "Henry V." Engagements have been made with the following artists to travel with them: Miss Solange Navaro will represent the Princess, Miss Jenny Watt will be Chorus, and Miss Melrose Alice, H. H. Vincent will enact Williams, and Sterling White Exeter (all these artists are at present connected with the Theatre Royal, Melbourne). Mrs. Lackian McGowan is retained for Dame Quickly, Harry Power for Fluellin, and Lachlan McGowan for another part. The N. Z. season will commence at the Imperial Opera-house, Wellington, on the evening of Dec. 26. George Darrell and his accomplished wife are already in the land of the Maories, making all necessary preparations for the event. William Creswick, at the Opera-house, supported as he is by one of the most talented companies ever got together in Melbourne since the days of Barry Sullivan, has been giving a series of the finest Shakespearian performances we have had for some time. This week he has appeared, or is to appear, as Virginius, Othello, Sir John Falstaff, Merchant of Venice, Master Walter ("Hunchback"), and Macbeth. Mr. and Mrs. Heyndes, who fought for the public for their determined efforts to instill a love in the breasts of the people for legitimate plays rendered by artists worthy of the title. The business, considering the number of other attractions of amusement open, has been very good.....The New Princess' Theatre, since its re-opening by Mr. Bayless in November last, has seen lots of ups-and-downs. It lately passed into the hands of Morton Tavares, who until a week ago was "sole lessee and manager." Another change, however, has taken place, that gentleman announcing that he has let the theatre for one month to a Mrs. H. Reynolds, who is supposed to be a second Mrs. Harris. *I* don't believe there's no sich person." The new management commenced proceedings by the presentation of "Flying Buck"—in fact, no other than Boucicault's "Flying Scud." It has been an immense success. George Coppin as agent for Mr Boucicault has taken law proceedings in the matter; but the astute George will have to find Mrs. Harris, or, I should rather say, Mrs. H. Reynolds.... The pretty little Academy of Music, from being the home of modern comedy and society plays, has become a second Bella Union, as in Francisco. To the tender mercies of D'Orsay Ogden has the fate of this little house been virtually handed over, and plays of the blood-and-thunder school have been produced and comparatively well patronized. The present attraction is "Badger, or the Streets of New York," with Mr. Ogden as Badger, and T. J. Herndon as Dan. A Mr. Montague Scott, between the acts, draws with crayons, in full view of the audience, sketches of several of our most popular men, and with unusual rapidity. The St. George's Hall is still occupied with the U. S. Minstrels, including G. W. Rockefeller, Tommy Hudson, Louis Brahsm and R. W. (Dick) Kohler (proprietors), F. Amery (basso), Simpkins (tenor-comic), Walter Hawkins (a capital male soprano), Chas. Holly (jig), Brown and Newlands (corner-men and comic sketches), Owen Conduit, Johnny Thomason, and a large company. Washington Norton has been with them for some time, but has seceded. They have been doing an immense business, and are by far the best crowd of the kind we have yet seen in Melbourne.....A new and commodious little playhouse has been opened at Emerald Hill (a suburb, and about a mile from Melbourne). The initial performance was had on Saturday evening last, when "The Shaughraun" was given, with Charles Wheatleigh as Conn.....The Academy of Music, Melbourne, will cease to be under the leeseeship of G. S. W. Lewis after Nov. 21, and on the 22d J. Aarons, the proprietor, will assume the reins of government. On that night he purposes to present the free use of the theatre (lighted and free of all expense) to the wardens of the Dramatic and Musical Association for a benefit in aid of the funds of that body. This is a most graceful act on Mr. Aarons' part, more particularly when it is remembered that, when a benefit for the same object is taken at the Theatre Royal a lump sum has to be paid for the house, the senior lessee of which is the master warden of the association. On the 23d the first production of "Les Cloches de Corneville" will take place, the characters to be supported by the members of the Bracy-Leopold (George) Combination. New scenery has been prepared, and every effort will be made to revive the prestige this pretty house previously enjoyed. By the way, both Messrs. Bracy and Leopold have already arrived in town after doing a brilliant and profitable tour through New South Wales and Queensland.....The Kelly & Leon Minstrel Troupe, under the management of Messrs. Hiscocks and Al. Hayman, are now in Auckland, New Zealand, playing to crammed houses. Baker and Farron are in Dunedin, N. Z. Cheevers, Kennedy and Bent, Dan Campbell and Martin Simonsen as leader and conductor, have been very unsuccessful in their New Zealand tour. W. Hoskins has been taking a series of farewells at Christ Church, New Zealand. He talks of leaving the stage shortly. John Jack and Miss Annie Firman, after a very successful season at the Theatre Royal, Adelaide, during which the lady made quite a hit as Miss Sarah Miller in "Explation," have betaken themselves to "drawing-room entertainments" in the interior towns of South Australia. John L. Hall is now holding possession of the boards in several of his popular parts. His return will give place to Mr. Howard, who is to inaugurate her engagement by appearing as Olivia in a version of "The Vicar of Wakefield. She is accompanied by her agent, Richmond Thatcher. In February next John L. Hall will assume, under Mr. Lewis' the entire management of the Academy of Music, Melbourne.....William Andrews, a comedian of no mean order, died at his residence Woolloomooloo, near Sydney, N. S. W., Sept. 26, aged 48 years. He was a native of that place, and made his first appearance on the stage there under the management of Samuel Colville in 1855. G. V. Brooke arriving there the same year, Mr. Andrews accompanied him to Melbourne, and played there during the season. He was next engaged to Barry Sullivan, with whom he played three years. On his return to Sydney he opened in the Prince of Wales' Theatre, under the management of Miss Julia Harris, and there continued a firm favorite with the public. His wife (Nellie Montagne) and three children were left very badly off, but a large sum has been raised by benefits and subscriptions for them. CALLBOY.

"Madchenschwur," by Herr von Moser, is founded on a story in which a number of beautiful women are persuaded by an old maid to swear they will never marry, and who break the vow before the day is out. It is translated from a Polish play by Count Predro.

The playwrights of Germany and France do not seem to be any more original than those of England and America. At the Berlin Residenz Theatre, "Les Lionnes Pauvres" and "Les Fourchambault" are German versions by Herr Blum, from the original French of M. Emile Augier. At the Wallner Theatre "Ihre Familie" is the late T. W. Robertson's "Caste" (which was of course taken from the German piece while at the National Theatre). "Parisina" is translated from Byron, and "King Lear" and the "Merchant of Venice" from Shakespeare. In Italy the comedy "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" is taken bodily from the original of Beaumarchais, "La Festa di Quarta Pagina" from M. Hennequin's "Les Petites Correspondances," while "Le Postscriptum" of M. Augier, "Dora," "Les Fourchambault," "Joseph Balsamo," "Le Mari d'Ida," and "Madame Caverlet" and "Le Mariage de Figaro" have all been played within the past two months in the Italian language.

Mr. Bandmann announces that he will play Shylock in French, in Paris, in January; in German, in Berlin, in February; and in English, in London, in March.

May Howard made her debut before a London audience in the Duke's Theatre Nov. 23 as the heroine in "Miss Multon," and met with a reception that was very encouraging.

Edmund Falconer, the actor and author, while reciting his poem "Ann Hathaway" at a recent dinner in Robert Reece's at the Savage Club, London, fell down in an epileptic fit. He had been subject to such attacks, and at last advices was convalescing.

Theodore Thomas writes to The Clipper from Melbourne, Australia, on Nov. 4, that he had closed a three weeks' engagement in the Theatre Royal, Sydney, N. S. W., and was preparing to open in the Theatre Royal, Melbourne.

J. S. T. Brewster, lessee and proprietor of the Theatre Royal and the Prince of Wales' Theatre and Concert Hall, Wolverhampton, Eng., recently failed. Liabilities, £4,540; assets, £1,150.

"The Aldermen" is the title of a comedy by Geo. R. Sims, which has been accepted at one of the West-end theatres in London.

"Jane Shore" is a successful attraction at the Standard Theatre, London.

John Binge, the once popular dramatic vocalist, but who for many years past has devoted himself to commercial pursuits, died in London, Eng., Nov. 21.

MUSICAL.

On Nov. 26, before the Master of the Rolls, Signor Bettini, the well-known tenor, brought his action respecting the division of property, consequent upon a deed of separation between himself and his wife, the popular vocalist, Madame Trebelli Bettini. A palace at Rome was settled by that deed on the husband, and a house at Poissy, near Paris, upon Madame Trebelli. It appeared that the sale of the plaintiff's property did not realise sufficient to clear it from certain liabilities, and that, therefore, he sought to make the balance, £2,000, from his wife's share of the property. His Lordship strongly advised a private settlement of the case, but it was urged on behalf of Signor Bettini that his wife had, amongst other properties, reserved jewels worth £8,000. His Lordship said he would adjourn the case for a week, and he sincerely hoped to hear no more of it, meaning that an arrangement would be made between husband and wife in the meantime.

John F. Jackson's English version of Wagner's "Rienzi," which is to be produced at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, in February, was first rehearsed Nov. 27. The first act is occupied chiefly with the scene of the abduction, by Orsini and the nobles, of Irene, the sister of Rienzi. We have the conflict between the followers of Orsini and Colonna, the interference of the people, the arrival of the tribune, the interview between Rienzi and Adriano, in which the tribune urges the young noble to assist in the salvation of Rome, the love-scenes between Adriano and Irene, and, lastly, the great scene where the people hail Rienzi as the liberator. The second act opens with the song of the Messengers of Peace, and we then have the plot of the nobles and the attempted assassination of Rienzi. In the third act we have the call of the people to arms, and the battle hymn "Santo Spirito Cavaliere," adapted bodily from Balfour. The fourth act is devoted chiefly to the scene of Balfour. The fourth act is devoted chiefly to the scene of the Capitol and the disgrace of Rienzi; whilst in the fifth and last act we have the famous prayer, the parting scene between Irene and her brother—a powerful scene, suggestive of the "grand duet" in "Les Huguenots," and in which Irene is implored by her lover to flee from danger—and, lastly, the final scene in the great square before the capitol. Rienzi, clad in complete armor, is seen amid the flames on the balcony of the capitol, and with his sister Irene at his side. Suddenly the conflagration increases, the walls of the capitol fall in with a terrible crash, and bury Irene, her brother, and her lover; and as the nobles cheer above the people like cowards falls.

A squabble which led to the breaking-up of the rehearsal of "Les Huguenots" occurred on the stage of Her Majesty's Theatre, London, Nov. 29. Whereas with Nilsson and other great artistes, it is the custom when they are forced rehearsing familiar works only to hum their songs, on the 29th this was objected to by M. Gillandi, who was understood to state that he could not "learn his part" in the grand duet unless Madame Pappenheim "sang out." Madame Pappenheim, who knew her part, declined, for obvious reasons, to "sing out"? whereupon M. Gillandi put on his hat and walked off, thereby stopping the rehearsal.

The death is announced—at Madrid, of Miró, tenor, vocalist; in French opera-bouffe; at Bologna, of Carlo Verardi, aged 47, professor of the violin at Lisco; at Naples, of Sig. Cav. Emiliani, violinist; and at Milan, of Edoardo Bauer or Baveri, aged 64, long popular in Russia, and whose two operas failed forty years ago.

Adelina Patti recently made her first appearance in Berlin, Prussia, for a period of fifteen years, and was received with flattering demonstrations of favor.

Sir Julius Benedict is engaged on an opera founded on Kleist's Katchen von Heilbron."

The health of Mr. Cheshire, the distinguished tenor, is, unfortunately, so unsatisfactory that he will not be able to sing again this season. Almost ever since his arrival in England Mr. Cheshire has been suffering from bronchitis, and he is now ordered off abroad, and to a warmer climate.

The mansion of Signor Mario, Marquis of Candia, in the Corso, at Rome, was injured by the recent overflow of the Tiber, several valuable paintings and his cellar of wine—barring a trifle of a "hur-tred dozen"—being spoilt.

There were more than sixty operatic agencies in Milan, Italy, and another was recently added to the list.

"Human von Tharan" is the name of a new opera, by Hoffman, which has succeeded at Hamburg, Germany.

There is dire discord in the camp of the Wagnerites. Herr Vogl and Herr Manchbaur, who were both included in the original cast of the trilogy at Bayreuth, have, through jealousy, had a violent quarrel, and the King of Bavaria, in disgust, has countermanded the private performance of the whole of the "Nibelungen Ring," which this eccentric monarch had ordered for himself only at the Munich Hoftheatre. The quarrel spread among the artists, and, although the whole of the opera was performed Nov. 17, 19, 21 and 23, the repetition announced for December has been postponed till January.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

Joseph Jackson, professionally known as J. Arnold, formerly of the Moore & Burgess Minstrels, London, died at sea, on board the steamer Canada, between Rangoon and Akyab, Oct. 28. Mr. Jackson was a member of the company organized in London in October, 1876, to travel through the East under the direction of Dave Carron.

The Monawk Minstrels began an engagement of nineteen nights at the Pavilion Theatre, London, Nov. 30.

CIRCUSES.

Hengler's Grand Cirque, London, opened for the season Nov. 23. C. Madigan and wife, James H. Jee, and the Gilbert Brothers are with the troupe, who have been performing to large business.

Fred Cattle, clown, and Miss Nellie Boswell, equestrienne, both of Hengler's Grand Cirque, were married Oct. 30 at Hanley, Eng.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The following statistics relating to the Paris captive balloon will be interesting: The Tuileries grounds were opened to the public during 100 days, but the balloon was unable to work, owing to the state of the atmosphere, during thirty days. The number of ascents was 1,325, the number of passengers 34,000. The number of pioneer balloons sent up, 26. During this period the sum of 840,000 francs was collected. The expenses of building the balloons, of machinery and working, reached about 500,000 francs, so that the enterprise was a financial success.

AMUSEMENTS.

PARK THEATRE.
HENRY E. ABBEY.....Lessee and Manager
Last Nights. COMEDY OF ERRORS.
Last Nights. STUART ROBSON AND W. H. CRANE. COMEDY OF ERRORS. SHAKESPEARE'S
Last Nights. TWO COMEDY OF ERRORS.
Last Nights. DROMIO. SHAKESPEARE'S
Last Nights. Which is Which? COMEDY OF ERRORS.
Last Nights.—Which is Which? COMEDY OF ERRORS.
FRIDAY EVENING, Dec. 20, 1878, benefit and last night but one of
ROBSON AND CRANE.
OUR BACHELORS!
ROBSON.....Bangle, the Bald
CRANE.....Jovier, the Jolly
SATURDAY, AT 2, OUR BACHELORS MATINEE.
Monday evening, Dec. 23, "OLVILLE FOLLY COMPANY, RABEN IN THE WOOD.

TONY PASTOR'S.....TONY PASTOR'S.
EVERYTHING NEW.
AN ENTIRE NEW COMPANY.
A New, Brilliant, Laughable and Interesting Programme.
SHEEHAN and JONES, BRYANT and HOEY,
ALECIA BOURDAN,
MANCHESTER and JENNINGS, HATTIE LAWRENCE,
HOWARD and THOMPSON,
THE WHITINGS, QUEEN and BELL,
ALLIE SMITH, HARRY BODWORTH,
PALMETTO QUARTET. CHARLEY WORLEY,
TONY PASTOR
AND HIS GREAT TROUPE,
in the following specialties:
"Just Dropped In," "Fun in a Judge's Office," "The Rival Clothes-dealers," "An Everday Occurrence," "The Colored Broadmaster."
MATINEES
TUESDAY AND FRIDAY. 39-1t

THEATRE COMIQUE,
514 BROADWAY.
HARRIGAN & HART.....Proprietors
POSITIVELY LAST WEEK of the most successful play that has been offered to the public for many years.
Monday, Dec. 16, during the week,
HARRIGAN AND HART.
This will be the last opportunity the patrons will have of witnessing these popular artists in Mr. Edward Harrigan's new, original Irish drama, in three acts and a prologue, entitled
LORGAIRE.
LORGAIRE (Detective).....MR. EDWARD HARRIGAN
TERRY MULLAHEY (a Fisherman).....MR. TONY HART
A new and original overture, entitled THE LORGAIRE, will be performed expressly for this play by DAVE BRAHAM.
LORGAIRE MATINEE WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.
MONDAY, DEC. 23, CHRISTMAS JOYS AND SORROWS.
LOOK OUT FOR THE COUNSELLOR.
G. W. R. GRIFFIN, Manager. 39-1t

BROADWAY THEATRE.
UNCLE DAN'L
AN UNEQUIVOCAL SUCCESS.
Through the simplest methods
"A MESSENGER FROM JARVIS SECTION"
in Boston achieves a sensation in mimic life in doing good equal to Mr. Moody in his religious mission, or Murphy in his temperance crusades. An old man, with nothing but unflinching courage and unpretentious self-possession, so thoroughly protects the innocent and thwarts the guilty as to awaken the most intense, and, in many instances, breathless interest throughout his large audiences.
UNCLE DAN'L
is a stage missionary. He does nothing but good, and every voice on fully appreciates him, and he keeps them in the happiest mood all the time.
Mr. MACAULEY.....as.....UNCLE DAN'L
every evening.
WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY MATINEES. 39-1t

BOWERY THEATRE.
FERDINAND W. HOEPLE.....Manager
THE GREAT LONDON SUCCESS,
now in its 800th representation, will be acted, with the permission of A. M. Palmer, manager of the Union-square Theatre, QUEEN'S EVIDENCE.
J. H. ROWE in his great impersonation of ISAACS.
"I've got a bye like a beagle."
FRIDAY EVENING, BENEFIT of J. H. ROWE.
MATINEE SATURDAY AT 2 O'CLOCK. 39-1t

STANDARD THEATRE,
BROADWAY and 33D STREET.
WM. HENDERSON.....Lessee and Manager
SECOND MONTH
of
ALMOST A LIFE. ALMOST A LIFE.
ALMOST A LIFE. ALMOST A LIFE.
SATURDAY MATINEE AT 1.30.
POPULAR PRICES.
Seats secured ten days in advance. 39-1t

FIFTH-AVENUE THEATRE.
FISKE & HARKINS beg to announce that Mr.
JOSEPH JEFFERSON
will appear, for the first time at this theatre, in Boucicault's Rip Van Winkle, from Irving's immortal legend.
RIP VAN WINKLE.
Presented with entirely New Scenery and Appointments, [39-1t] AND A CAREFULLY SELECTED CAST.
EVERY NIGHT at 8. MATINEE SATURDAY, at 1.30.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.
SPECTACLE.
POOLE & DONNELLY.....Lessees and Managers
Reserved seats (Orchestra Circle and Balcony), 50cts.
A GRAND SHAKESPEARIAN SPECTACLE. Presentation in gorgeous style of Shakespeare's ORIGINAL TEXT.
The eminent tragedian Mr. JOHN MCCULLOUGH, Miss KATHERINE ROGERS, Walnut street Theatre, Philadelphia, Company, and 200 auxiliaries.
MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY. 39-1t

NIBLO'S GARDEN THEATRE.
EDWARD F. STARIN.....Proprietor and Manager
MONDAY, DEC. 16, 1878.
Positively last week of KIRALFY BROS.' Greatest Spectacular production, AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS, with its gorgeous new scenery, wonderful mechanical effects, brilliant costumes, glittering armors and jewels. Grand Ballet of 100 Ladies, led by the greatest living Prima-ballerina Assoluta MLLE. ROSATI.
Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, at 2 P. M. 39-1t*

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39TH STREET AND 8TH AVENUE.
Wm. Ribleon, Proprietor. A Good Stage-manager wanted
Open all the year round. Write and get a date. 39-1t

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS
RECEIVED WITH ROARS OF LAUGHTER.
SECOND WEEK AND GREAT SUCCESS, MR. FRANK CUSHMAN IN HIS GREAT CHARACTER,
THE AGED DARKY.
Birch, Wambold, Backus, Thatcher, Ryman, Russell, Frillman, Stevens, Raymond, Johnson, Powers, Ricardo.
THIS WEEK, "SCHOOL" AND "JOHN BUTTS."
SEATS SECURED.
MATINEE SATURDAY, AT 2. 39-1t*

NATIONAL GARDEN
VARIETY THEATRE,
BOWERY,
NEW YORK.
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Open all the year round.
FIRST-CLASS TALENT
WANTED AT ALL TIMES.
Address
MICHAEL HEUMANN
36-4t* Sole Proprietor and Manager.

WINDSOR THEATRE, 45 AND 47 BOWERY.
BOBBY NEWCOMB.....Business-manager.
Monday, Dec. 16, Morris and Fields, Ferry Brothers, El Nino Eddie, Tillie Antonio, J. W. McAndrews, Lulu Francis, Morris and Green, Tommy Turner, Wood and Beasley, Fayette Welsh, Archey Hughes and the celebrated Novello Quartet, Victor Rigby, Louis Delmar, Carl Heyer and W. E. Cobatt. First-class artists wishing dates will please address J. W. MEATH.

BENSON'S OPERA-HOUSE,
(late Neuse' Coliseum),
61 and 63 Washington st., Hoboken, N. J.
GRAND OPENING MONDAY, DEC. 23, 1878.
First-class talent wanted at all times. Salaries low, but sure. Wanted, extra ladies for opening. Must be good dressers. MARK E. RYDER, Stage-manager. 39-1t*

OLYMPIC THEATRE.
GARDNER & HALLECK.....Sole Lessees and Managers
The above house, having undergone a thorough renovation, which makes it one of the most complete and beautiful theatres in the country, will open
ON ON ABOUT DEC. 23,
under the above management, devoted to legitimate drama. Wanted, full company. Apply to
MR. WM. J. FLEMING,
39-1t* Amusement Director.

CREMORNE GARDEN THEATRE
32D STREET, NEAR BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
J. SNYDER.....Lessee and Manager
THE MOST ELEGANT AND COMPLETE
AMUSEMENT PALACE
IN THE WORLD.
VARIETY THEATRE
AND
BALLROOM
COMBINED.
OPEN THE YEAR ROUND.
NO SUNDAY SHOW!
NO WINE-ROOM!
Ladies and gentlemen wishing dates address
J. SNYDER, Manager,
stating line of business and lowest salary.
Consider silence a polite negative, but write again. 39-3t*

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VARIETY THEATRE,
199 BOWERY, OPP. SPRING. 201
The London Music Hall of America.
OPEN THE YEAR ROUND.
MRS. PAUL FALK.....Proprietress
WM. T. GIESSELBERG.....Manager
CAPT. GEO. T. SHAW.....Stage-manager
First-class talent wanted at all times. Those having engagements must send in their business one week in advance, or they will be erased from the books.
All communications answered. Address
MRS. PAUL FALK. 23-tf

THE LONDON.
235 AND 237 BOWERY,
OPPOSITE PRINCE STREET
THEATRE OPEN
ALL THE YEAR ROUND
Artists wishing one or two weeks, please address as above.
ARTISTS OF ABILITY AND REPUTATION
will do well to
APPLY ANY ONCE FOR DATES. 1-tf

THE BRILLIANT YOUNG COMEDIENNE
MISS GENEVIEVE ROGERS
AND THE FAVORITE AMERICAN ACTOR
FRANK E. AIKEN,
forming a double stellar attraction, supported by a superb company, in a new and powerful American drama. For dates and terms, address G. A. NORTHER, care of Horace Wall's Dramatic Bureau, 14 Union square.
NOTE.—New-Year's week open. 39-1t*

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FIFTH AND S. FOURTH ST.,
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BLOWN UP:

The Sad Fate of the Young Man who Played a Familiar Air on the Cornet.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER
BY VANDYKE BROWN.

He was a young musician—
That is, an amateur—
And he had a strong ambition,
Albeit he was poor,
To become a famous player
Like those whom he had met
On that nerve and comfort slayer
Which is known as a cornet,
Of Levy and Artaculk
Full often did he speak;
They were the sort of buckle
Berries which this meek
And lonesome young musician
Did ardently admire.
While he to their position
Did reverely aspire.

II.

Behold this young musician man,
Along with his instrument,
In the fourth-story back of a boarding-house,
On the music leaves him listless,
A blowing away from morn till night,
Blowing from night till morn,
Till all the boarders in that house
Are blowed if they can't shed that horn,
For you must know this young monsh
But a single tune had blown—
It was about the simplest which
His grandparent did own.
(I dare not more explicit be
As to the name it bore,
But some there were in that boarding-house
Who had heard the tune before.)
Then up spoke one—a quiet cuss,
Who dwelt in the fourth-floor-front—
And said: "If you will stand this 'ere,
My ear, by Jingo, won't!"
(This quiet cuss was sharp, you see,
Although his words were blunt,)
Then all the other boarders they
With the quiet cuss agreed,
And said, indeed, if they stood it more
They would all be d-blank-d'd!

III.

The q. c. hied him to a store,
And unto the clerk he spake:
"Of powder give me three pounds, or more
And let it be powder to shake
The daylights out of a thick stone wall:
For, smiles I do much mistake,
As tough as stone will prove the gall
Of the gent I mean to shake!"
Then, with the powder in a bag,
The q. c. did repair
To the fourth-floor-back of the boarding-house,
And quietly entered there.
The young musish had just stepped out,
But he had left behind
The instrument which occupied
The quiet cuss' mind.
Yes, there on the stand the cornet was,
And there the music lay;
The q. c. emptied the powder out
In a fiendish kind of way,
And he rammed it down that instrument
With a look of withering scorn,
Until he had made it resemble much
A well-filled powder-horn.
Then deftly a slow match he did affix
To the mouthpiece, out of sight,
In such a way that whoever blew
On the horn the match would ignite.
Thus, having these several duties done,
With expectation rife
To his room he went, and pondered on
The mercantilations of life!

IV.

As hour passed. The young musish
Returned, alas! too soon;
He mounted gayly up the stairs
And hummed his favorite tune;
A smile was on his meek young face—
He had no thought of cars.
Ah, little did he dream how soon
He'd mount the golden stairs!
Once safely in his room, he turned
To where the cornet lay;
As often he had, done before,
He picked it up to play.
The mouthpiece to his lips is pressed,
A moment more, he blows,
And then—where is that young musish?
Great Heaven only knows!
A shock that shakes the very house—
One heavy, deafening thud—
And there is nothing left except
A plaited collar-stud.

V.

That night the boarders in the house
Gased on a vacant chair,
And silence fell upon them all
As they took their roast beef rare.
Full many days since then have passed,
Detectives have been round;
But, though they've followed many clews,
The body's not been found!

DRIFTING TO DOOM;

OR,

A MAZY MARRIAGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WM. EYSTER,

Author of "King Dick, A Tale of New Orleans and St. Louis," "Branded and Mad," "Wild Nat's Brigade," "Sunbe," "The Free Trapper's Pass," "Through War and Fire," "The Haunted Hunter," Etc.

ENTERED IN THE OFFICE OF THE LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS, AT WASHINGTON, D. C., BY FRANK QUEEN, IN THE YEAR 1878.

CHAPTER XI.—FOR WHOM IS THE PRISON?

On the following day Charles Taylor was an object of interest, if not of popularity, among the men working in the Red Ridge Colliery. By some means it grew to be noised abroad that "Mollie" had made him an unfruitful visit the preceding night, and he had to stand the battery of many curious eyes in consequence. If "Mollie" had not left a corpse in Taylor's shanty, she had at least made her mark, deep and unmistakable as to intent. The stool upon which Taylor had originally seated himself had received the bullets doubtless intended for his body, and was a perfect wreak in consequence.

When evening came some of the men, moved by curiosity, accompanied Taylor home. They came, they saw, they heard his explanation, and went away shaking their heads ominously. According to the theory of the man who had made so narrow an escape, the would-be assassin had in the first place crawled up and taken a survey of the room through the window. Frightened away for the time being by the movement of Taylor to the door, he had again returned, and this time, taking it for granted that the occupant of the hut was seated in the same position as before, had held his gun to the window with one outstretched or upstretched hand, and with how true a guess the condition of the stool testified. Having seen all that was to be seen, the miners departed with a warning to be careful, and again Taylor was alone in his hut. How long it would be betore another attempt upon his life might be made he could not guess; but he had good reason to suppose that the matter would not stop here. A few days at most, and then he could expect another attack, which might not end so harmlessly.

However, it was useless to grieve over the threatened danger. There was one way to avoid it—by flight. If he did not choose to try that method, the only other alternative for him to adopt was to wait in patience, and keep up the best heart possible. To this conclusion he finally came, and immediately his heart grew lighter. He whistled merrily a few bars of a tune, and then looked up with a start as he saw a shadow fall upon the bright bar of moonlight which, streaming through the open door, lay upon the floor. A man stood upon the threshold, peering inquisitively into the darkness within.

"Well, sir, come in," said Taylor, who, concealed by the darkness in which he was seated, had an opportunity to view his visitor.

"I do not know that it is necessary. My name is Williams, and I was until lately interested in several colleries in this neighborhood. I have been directed to this as the residence of one Charles Taylor. Have I been rightly informed?"

"You have; Taylor is my name, and this is my humble place of abode—at least for the present. Come in and I will light a lamp. Here, take this stool. I will place it near the door, and you can reach it without danger of falling."

"You are employed at the Red Ridge Colliery, are you not?"

"I have been so employed for some months."

"Exactly; you are the man that I am looking for. Never mind the light; we can talk as well for the present without it."

As the gentleman spoke he entered the cabin quietly, and a shade carefully, and accepted the stool which had been offered him. Charles Taylor viewed these movements with some suspicion and more curiosity. He immediately had an itching desire to know what this stranger wanted who had taken a seat, and now sat in silence in the shadow. He glanced curiously at his interviewer, but, unfortunately, the expression of countenance was thrown away upon him, and Mr. Williams was left to choose his own time and way to the object of his visit. He did not wait long. With a voice lowered so that it could not be distinguished, if indeed heard from without, the stranger began:

"You are supposed to be a fair mechanic, and I want your skill for a little job of work to-night."

"I am a good workman, sir," responded Taylor confidently, but with due modesty in his tone. "My skill, such as it is, is at your service, provided the work does not interfere with the duties of my regular situation. What is it you would have me do, and where is it to be done?"

"It will not interfere with your other work; and, even if it did, it would make no difference, as a moment's thought will convince you, since I am even yet sufficiently interested in the Red Ridge to have much interest there."

"Ah, yes. Excuse me. You did say that your name was Williams, but I did not notice or understand. Your name should be sufficient guaranty. When do you wish me, and where?"

Though Taylor repeated his question thus, for a moment there seemed to be a hesitancy in replying to it. Then Williams, in the same low, easy tone, replied:

"You will go with me now, and set to work as soon as possible. The labor is to be done up at the house."

This enlightened Taylor at once. He knew of a certainty to whom he was speaking, and that he was about to enter the long-closed doors of Summit Lodge, which lay on the mountain above him. That the mansion had been but lately tenanted he very well knew, since from the time of his first arrival in these regions it had remained untenanted, save by a gruff old housekeeper and her gruffer husband.

"Very well, sir. I am ready to start immediately. What tools shall I want?"

"I have all the tools you will want up at the house."

The tone of Williams became more and more deferential in spite of himself. It seemed that he had no previous idea of what manner of man Charles Taylor was, and upon meeting with him the quiet, in all respects gentlemanly style of the mechanic had been a surprise—whether welcome or unwelcome it was hard to say.

The two left the shanty together and turned into a little by-path which led, after a time, into a road well beaten and comparatively smooth. The journey before them was by no means a short one, and Taylor wondered why it was that Mr. Williams had not ridden down. For some time the two strode on without speaking. Once Williams broke the silence:

"I hear that you have had some trouble with the Maguires. What is it all about?"

"That is something I know no more about than yourself. The only possible reason they can have for interfering would be to get me out of my present employment, so that they may get one of their men in."

"You have no personal enemies, then?"

"None."

"Or friends either, I am afraid?"

"Nor friends either," responded Taylor in rather a depressed tone.

"You have fully determined, then, upon braving the thing out, come what may?"

"I shall not brave them, in the strict sense of the term; I shall simply remain."

"You know the risks you run, and if, knowing them, you choose to remain, I cannot but admire your courage. Perhaps I may be able to assist you some—I would say protect, but that, perhaps, would be going too far. Really and truly, you will have to protect yourself."

"Many thanks for your kindness. I shall do the best I can to protect myself. Perhaps I shall be able to pull through, unless some unforeseen excitement occurs."

Again the two pressed on silently, each busy with his own thoughts. Notwithstanding the low, silken speech and agreeable manners of Williams, there was something in the man which jarred upon the nerves of Charles Taylor. An instinctive distrust, a settled feeling of dislike, took possession of the young man. The result was, his step lost its elasticity, his mind suddenly became filled with singular forebodings, and he followed, doggedly and in doubt, the footsteps of his guide. The upward, winding way seemed to take away his breath. The forest through which their journey lay never before looked half so gloomy. They met no one, heard no one, and it is doubtful if their footsteps left a single track by which they might have been followed, had there been light enough for a still-hunter to take the trail.

It seemed to Taylor that nearly an hour had passed before Summit Lodge came in sight. Perhaps the lonesomeness of the walk and the peculiar set of circumstances surrounding him made the time seem longer than it really was. At all events, both men were blown by a rapid walk over a steep ascent, when, turning a little bend in the road, they debouched from the path through the forest into the opening in which was placed Summit Lodge. Charles Taylor viewed this mansion with peculiar feelings, hard, at the time, to explain. This was not the first time that he had seen it. Some weeks before, upon a Sunday afternoon, he had, during a ramble through the woods, come suddenly upon it and taken a good view of it, with all its lonely grandeur and massive outlines. From a distance it seemed a very palace; from a nearer coign of vantage it looked as though upon short occasion it might serve for a prison. Seen under the moonlight, it looked like either, as the mood of the observer might be.

As they passed up towards the portal no human being met them, but they were saluted by a hoarse, savage bark, changing quickly to a whine of recognition as a huge dog, of some undistinguishable breed, at least by that light, bounded into the path immediately before them.

"It's me, Ponto," said Williams carelessly.

Taylor smiled and muttered to himself: "Possessor in one way or another of all this property, and says 'It's me.'" The idea amused him. He paid no attention to the dog. The frowning walls before him were changed in his eye to an ordinary country residence, set upon a hill-top, and his guide to a country gentleman of dubious education, who required a little job of carpenter work, and was no doubt willing to pay handsomely.

Following Williams closely, Taylor ascended the steps, entered the house, the hall-door was closed easily, and he found himself in a long hall, which was most dimly lighted by a lamp placed upon the hard table. Picking up this lamp, the wick of which he turned up a little more, his guide led the way through the house, stopping at length before a door. Opening this, they saw the figure of a man evidently asleep in a chair, but who started up hastily at the slight noise made by the opening movement. Taylor looked closely at this man. He was of florid face, herculean frame, and Taylor thought to himself at once that here was a man whom he would not like to tackle—an individual who would be apt to exhibit no mean prowess in a chance scrimmage. At a motion this man took the light and preceded them.

Large as the building looked from the outside, Taylor never fully comprehended its size until once fairly within its walls. After a wandering which seemed almost as long as the journey from the cabin, the three halted, and Williams, turning to the young man, said:

"Here is the material, here are your tools, here is your work."

"And what is it that you wish me to do?"

With no superfluous words, Williams proceeded to tell what it was that he required. He had a clear head for directing and explaining what he desired, and Taylor had no difficulty in understanding him. With a sudden movement he seized the lamp from the hand of the Irishman, who stood near, and, holding it so that its rays lit up in strong relief the face of Williams, exclaimed:

"That is a prison you would have me build; now tell me for whom it is intended!"

CHAPTER XII.—ENFORCED LABOR.

When Taylor thus suddenly seized the light and cast its gleam so that every lineament of the face of Dr. Williams could be plainly seen, for a moment the glare lit up a face that to the young man had hitherto been strange. A very pleasant face it was, too—in many respects resembling his own. A pair of gray eyes, soft brown hair, silken moustache shading a delicately curved mouth, straight nose, full, smooth cheeks, a wrinkle or two across the broad, high forehead—these were the salient points that were impressed upon Taylor's mind by that single, fleeting glance. Henceforth he should know Dr. Williams wherever he might see him. That gentleman accepted the inspection calmly, and without the shadow of nervousness. He folded his arms, stepped back a single pace, and then looked unflinchingly at Taylor, a scornful smile all the time wreathing his lips. Just for an instant the two men faced each other in these relative positions—Williams proudly defiant, Taylor inquisitive and excited. The next instant Taylor felt a grip of iron upon his throat, an irresistible power seized and forced him slowly down. In vain his struggles. The Irishman, as cool as his master, had bent over, and, with one hand seizing the lamp with a steady grasp, with the other, at arm's length, by a wave of pressure, brought the young man to his knees. The compression upon the throat was strong, yet in some sort endurable. Evidently the Irishman simply put forth his strength to keep the young man in subjection and to avoid damage. He handled the lamp as carefully as if it was a new-born infant, and Taylor as if he was a lamp that needed turning-down for fear of explosion.

"Easy with him, Michael," said Williams after a moment's silence.

"Aisey it is, yer honor? Faith, an' he's a lad of muscles. I kin fale 'em spring loike staie unther moi grip."

"Hold him there a minute, then; but do not hurt him. I suppose I must explain everything to this very particular young gentleman; and then, no doubt, he will be ready to go to work."

"That will depend upon the sort of explanation that is given," responded Taylor, the compression upon whose throat had been relaxed, the huge hand sliding down into a grip upon his collar.

"I rather like your courage, my friend; but just now it is a serious waste of raw material. Work, as I have told you. I will that you should work; therefore, there is little use to say nay. If my housekeeper has suddenly developed into an outrageous lunatic, what is that to you? I have heard you well spoken of. I needed someone's aid, and consequently came to you, thinking to do you a service. Do what you have to do, accept your pay, walk quietly away, and forget forever what you have done. It is not much that I ask, and if you are wise you will make no more trouble and waste no more time."

"But suppose I am not wise?" exclaimed Taylor, and he dropped his hand behind him.

Upon the instant, quick almost as thought, and regularly as clockwork, in one time and three motions, the small white hand of Williams was plunged into his breast, then out again and down. At the same time a jarring click grated upon the still kneeling man, and he looked straight into the barrel of a revolver.

"If you are not wise, feign wisdom at least. I acknowledge that you are of a different style from what I expected to meet; but no matter. For the present, if you attempt to move you are a dead man. I will take the lamp from Michael, who will relieve you of that pistol which you have just thought of drawing. Then, without more ado, you will proceed to your labor, under the surveillance of Michael, whilst I will retire for the present. Three hours from now I shall expect the alterations which I have suggested to be completed. Then we will settle upon the matter of compensation."

The gray eyes glittered now with a baleful light, and the underlip, slightly protruded, was clenched tightly upon the upper one. Evidently Williams was in deadly earnest. The young man, caught in the toils, suffered his muscles to relax, and a look of genuine astonishment swept across his face. There must certainly be something more in all this than could be seen upon the surface. He doubted the honesty of purpose of his employer more than ever, yet, doubting as he did, he feared to struggle, since that struggle, he saw, would inevitably precipitate a catastrophe. Williams, accordingly, with one hand received the lamp from Michael, whilst with the other he still kept his weapon ready leveled. In Western parlance, he had "got the drop, and held it!" With the now disengaged hand Michael drew from the pocket of his captive a pistol, which he handled gingerly for a moment, and then, at a word from the superintendent, thrust into his own pocket.

"I suppose you will take my pocketbook and handkerchief as well," said the young man bitterly.

"Thank you for the suggestion, but I should think that you would know that this is not a den of thieves. Self-preservation compels me to adopt this measure; if you will assure me that you have no further weapons, I shall trouble your pockets no further."

"I assure you that I am weaponless. Now, what do you propose to do?"

"To have you work."

"And then?"

"Pay you, swear you, and turn you loose."

Taylor began to see more and more clearly the fixedness of purpose and indomitable will of this fair-faced, mild-voiced man. He would have struggled; but he felt beforehand that it would be a losing fight, and for the present he succumbed.

"Well."

"And very well. You will go to work, and in three hours I expect you to be done. Michael will remain with this lamp at the doorway—perhaps, I had better bring another lamp or a lantern. If you attempt to escape, he has strength, as you know; he will also have your revolver. If anything happens, you can judge best whether it will ever make any noise in the outside world. Remember, in three hours I will expect to find everything completed."

"In three hours; well."

Taylor answered doggedly—hopelessly. His eyes were downcast; his head drooped abjectly. His present position was shocking to his pride, of which he had a great deal. Without delay preparations were made in accordance with the plan marked out. In a few moments more Williams had departed, the Irishman was keeping watch, and Taylor was engaged with saw, hammer and plane. The prison-making had begun.

CHAPTER XIII.

STRICKEN DOWN IN THE DARK.

For some hours the young man worked faithfully. It seemed to him that it was to his present interest to labor. Sacrifice of his pride aside, nothing was to be gained by stubborn idleness. He saw his work gradually approaching completion, and did not know whether to be glad or sorry, proud or ashamed. Of many things he thought as he labored; and the more he thought the less light he saw upon the subjects that agitated his mind. Michael still kept faithful guard at the door, and for his strength Taylor had a wholesome respect. After a time a door not very far from him opened, and he heard the sound of approaching footsteps. He desisted a moment from his finishing touches and looked up. The sentinel sat stolidly at his post, and behind him Taylor saw Williams, who was peering into the room. Not a word was said by anyone. The young man resumed his work. Michael sat still. Williams looked on a moment, and then moved away. The door softly closed behind him, and then all sounds, save those from his own labor, ceased. He tried for the half-dozenth time to draw the Irishman into conversation, and this time with a dubious success.

"Michael," said he, "I have doubts about my doing this thing. What is it be used for?"

"How sh'uld I know? To kape yerself in, fur all that I know. Go 'long wid yer blatherin', and stick to the worruk, as the masther bids ye."

The suggestion of the man, though apparently given in a spirit of either jest or evasion, was worthy of a second thought. We get many such little warnings along life's journey; it might be well for us if we would heed them. He looked uneasily at the Irishman and at the result of his labor. Suppose there was truth in the suggestion, and an effort should be made to keep him there—what could he do? He knew no reason why such a thing should happen to him, but it readily might. Many lawless things were constantly being done in the coal regions—so lawless, in fact, that a little outrage like that under consideration would scarcely be noticed. Who was Charles Taylor, that the world should mourn over his absence? Why, even Annie would never know it if he should be consigned to this lonely, living tomb.

"What makes you suggest such an idea as that, Michael? Don't you know that my disappearance would be noticed? Certainly Dr. Williams is not the man to perpetrate such an outrage; and even if he were, he would think twice before he laid himself open to the law in such a way."

A ray of scorn struggled into the stolid face, and the giant cast a beam at the speaker.

"Whist, me boy! It's ill botherin' yer head about what the masther will do. If he kept yez here furiver, who 'ud be the woiser? Sure, an' the Mollies iz after yez; an' who 'ud look fur the corpse ov a man that Mollie hed marked, barrin' them ez would want to dance at his wake? Hould yer tongue an' go on wid yer worruk."

In a moment Taylor saw that he was entrapped. If this man was in league with his master, he doubted not that they had it in their power to work their will with him with very little danger of justice, of either an interfering or a retributive kind, having much to do with them. He ceased his talk, and also his work. Seating himself upon the edge of a rude bed, he folded his hands and gazed fixedly at the shadowy form of the man whom he now half-considered as his jailor.

Silence fell upon the two. There was no more sound of hammer and saw, no more murmur of voices; nothing could be heard but the regular inspiration and expiration of the men. Taylor breathed hard from nervous excitement, Michael because he always breathed like a porpoise, and the stillness allowed the fact to become evident.

Something less than an age of this followed. During this age the young man was thinking, and Michael was going to sleep. At the expiration of many minutes Taylor was awakened from his reverie by an unmistakable snore. At first he thought that his ears deceived him. He remained as quiet as the legendary churchmouse and listened. The noise was repeated at intervals, until finally it settled into a regular cadence, as the rhythm from a steam sawmill. He waited a while longer to see if it was an artifice of any kind. At last, feeling assured, he quietly withdrew his boots, and arose noiselessly; then, on tiptoe, he approached the doorway. The door opened out into a narrow passage of no great length, closed, at the farther end, by another door. Across this little hall Michael had stretched himself, the lantern with which Williams had provided him being placed by his side, with its reflector throwing the glare into the room. The revolver yet lingered in his hand, the thumb resting upon the hammer, the weapon hanging from his great forefinger, which was thrust through the trigger-guard. The snoring ceased for a moment, and on the instant Taylor dodged out of sight. The interruption was slight, however; and again Taylor contemplated his sentinel.

Was it possible to cross over him without awakening him? If it was only a shillelah that Michael held he would not mind the trial, since he could well risk a thump or two in an effort to get out of such a predicament; but a pistol was a different thing. It was a weapon with which the man was evidently but little acquainted; therefore, in all likelihood, a squabble would result in his being shot. So reasoned Taylor, as, with cat-like tread, he continued to advance until he had reached the side of the recumbent Michael.

He lifted his foot and Michael stirred. He bounded lightly across the Irishman, and the most trying part of the danger was over. A stride or two, his stockinged feet falling as noiseless as thistle-down, and his hand was upon the lock, which yielded to his touch. He swung the door open, passed through it, and closed it behind him.

At once all was silence and darkness—silence, save that the long and devious halls before him seemed to his strained ears to be giving forth a murmur like to that of a sounding sea-shell. He lingered whilst one, perhaps, might have counted five, in perplexity as to which way he should turn; but by an effort he brought back to his mind a remembrance of the route by which he had reached the spot. It seemed to him he must give three steps forward, turn to the left, walk twenty more paces, and then feel for a stairway to the right. Acting upon this idea, he struck boldly out. Three steps he took forward, then came the turning. In the new direction he hastened until he judged it to be time to look for the staircase. His steps had been unaturally short, and in consequence he halted and felt his way slowly along. Just as his outstretched hand struck this angle of the wall he heard somewhere about the house the sound of a woman's voice, raised to a scream. It pierced feebly, and yet shrilly enough, too, through the utter darkness that enveloped him, and fell upon Taylor's ears with a peculiarly terrible effect. At once he forgot his own danger in the supposed danger of another. It was only a supposition upon his part; but then the supposition was in regard to a woman, and that, with chivalrous Charles Taylor, was enough. Had he been questioned afterwards, Taylor could never have told how he passed that stairway. He did not know whether he was going up or down; he was excited, perplexed and unnerved. Again a dash through a hall, another stairway, another hall, another scream. This time the cry came more plainly to his ears, and suddenly a door at his left opened, a faint light struggled out into the passage, and the form of a female could be seen dimly. She staggered out through the doorway, tossed up her hands wildly, and fell forwards into the arms of Taylor, which were outstretched to receive her. Hardly had Taylor caught this burden than he received a heavy blow upon the neck in the region of his right ear. It felled him heavily to the floor. At the same time a muffled voice muttered:

"The cursed fool, what does he here? Let him lie there if he will, and I can patch up an explanation and an apology when there is more time."

The speaker, who was none other than Dr. Williams, caught up from the relaxed arms of the fallen man the woman, and, with a strength beyond what one would have looked for in one of his physique, bore her rapidly away through the darkness down the hall.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE WICKED BROTHERS.

There was a Miss Long of Woodbury,
Who swallowed the stone of a cherry—
So pleased were her brothers,
She swallowed twelve others,
Which settled Miss Long of Woodbury.

A PANTOMIME SHIELD.

Bought it in Drury-lane yesterday morn,
Shield of a Pantomime, battered and worn.
Horrid in coloring, gaudy and bright,
Dismal beneath the September sunlight.
Has it history? Well, it may be.
Here is some tracery, "Lillian Lee."
Well I remember you, sweet Lucy Bell.
Why so miscall yourself? How can I tell?
Child of a greengrocer, lissom and fair,
Light as a gossamer thread in the air.
Hadn't a church service, went not to church,
Half the brief life of you left in the lurch.
Told not of Temperance; heard not of vows;
Pink-cheeked and powdery, gorgeous and good.
Slangy and impudent, but with such eyes—
Talk of "low laughter" and saucy replies!
Brought up in Rupert Court, went on the stage:
No, not as Juliet, but as a page.
Well I remember it, that noisy night—
"Beauty the Wonderful and the Bad Sprite."
Tissue of lavender, doublet of rose—
Not very much of it—plenty of hose.
Not a great part was it—bearing a shield—
Yet a first favorite in a fair field.
Burnt by a gas "batten." Fell from the "flies;"
Boy in the gallery thought them the skies.
Died in a hospital, thin as a flame,
"Beauty the Wonderful" bloomed on the same.
What has become of her, clergymen ask?
Doubt much if one of you heard of her fall.
No; the last Sacrament isn't for such—
Only Samaritans shunned not her touch.
Smooth the soil speedily "over her bones,"
Now the burnt butterfly somebody owns.
Life is so hard that for some it is best
When the fair wind of death blows from the west.
Well, those frail fingers no longer will wield
Even this trumpery Pantomime Shield.

FREDERIC CLAUDE BROUGHTON.

THE STORY OF A WALTZ.

BY JACQUES OFFENBACH.

My mother and sisters used to lull me to sleep by singing to me a sweet, slow waltz. I had never heard all of it. The first eight bars were the only parts of it I knew. Maybe those loved ones themselves were ignorant of all the rest. Those eight bars haunted me—fixed themselves on my brain with all the greater authority because my charmed heart opened wide all the doors to them. Did not each note bring to me a thousand tender recollections? When they flitted through my mind I saw our old home, my father's house; I heard the voices of all those whom I regretted, and who had loved me warmly. I was in Paris all alone, earning my daily bread by playing the violoncello in the Opera Comique. I was then at an age when most children are still at school, with many years of school days yet before them. I was quietly jogging on towards the future, but I regretted the past. Solitude was sometimes very oppressive to me. This waltz, though nothing more than a waltz, had at last come to assume strange proportions in my mind. It has ceased to be a mere waltz. It had become almost a prayer which I hummed from morning to night, not as a supplication to Heaven, but because it seemed to me that when I repeated it my family heard me, and when it echoed in my memory I could have sworn 'twas my loved ones at home who responded to me. I cannot express how eagerly I desired to hear the whole of that waltz. I could not deceive myself. My continuations seemed charming to me when I extemporized them; but when I repeated them they spoke to me only of myself, and nothing of my loved ones at home, nor of the departed days of childhood. Years had come and gone, but those eight bars did not fade away from memory; on the contrary, they seemed deeper-graven on it with each departed year.

One day, feeling I could stand it no longer, I set out for home to hunt for my waltz. As there was no cause for my journey, my father and the rest of the family covered me with caresses. They attributed my return to an increase of affection for them. They were mistaken, for I loved them so dearly that I could not, for the life of me, have loved them more than I did. I dared not breathe to them one word about my waltz, lest I should destroy their illusions. It seemed to me I should wound them were I to talk about my waltz. Those who know what it is to love will understand what I endured. One evening my father, who was fond of hearing me play, asked for some music. He was a learned and severe judge. I always felt a little nervous at being asked to play before him. That evening, however, I did not want to be pressed, and, without any prelude to make my fingers agile, I played the famous bars of the waltz which persecuted me. My father said:

"Is it possible! Do you still remember Zimmer's waltz?"

I exclaimed:

"Zimmer! Is that a waltz by Zimmer? Are you sure of that? Who was Zimmer?"

My father replied:

"Zimmer was a young composer who in times past had some vogue. He began unusually well, and was becoming popular, when one day he disappeared, and nobody knows what became of him."

"Do you know his waltz from beginning to end?"

"No, I do not."

"How could you, with your prodigious memory, have forgotten it?"

"For the excellent reason that I never knew it."

"Your poor, dear mother sang it to put you to sleep, and I dare say she never knew more of it than those eight bars."

The next day I visited every music-shop in Cologne. I asked the dealer for Zimmer's waltz. I did not know its title, so I said: "It begins in this way," and I sang the first eight bars. They looked at me smilingly, and everywhere I got for an answer: "I don't know it." I returned quite vexed to Paris. I never entered a music-shop for years, and during all my travels, without asking for Zimmer's waltz. I received everywhere the same answer: "I don't know it." At last I gave up all hope of finding the rest of it, and contented myself in good and bad ways with the eight bars which invariably came into my memory.

One morning, while I was settling an account with Brandus, the Paris music-publisher, he said to me:

"I have just heard of a poor fellow who really has some talent."

"Are you going to publish his music?"

"I should like to do so, but he is old and has no reputation."

"He will acquire reputation."

"He pretends he had reputation once."

"What is his name?"

"Zimmer."

"Zimmer! Did you say Zimmer? Where does he live? Give me his address. Quick! quick!"

"I don't know his address. He is to come here to-morrow to take back his manuscript."

"Brandus, my dear friend, do me a favor—a very great favor; publish that manuscript, pay him ten times what it is worth, and charge the money to me, and send the excellent fellow to me. I would give anything to see him."

Brandus promised to grant both my requests. I waited patiently all next day to see Zimmer. He did not come. I waited the second day—months—years. Zimmer never appeared. I was at first vexed enough, and then I became resigned to my disappointment. I said to myself that after all a wise man ought to content himself with little; that these eight bars had occupied a sufficient share of my life, and that I ought not to give further thought to the rest; that, after all, the rest of it must be poor since it had passed into oblivion, and, thank Heaven! the day had gone by when there were unknown masterpieces.

In 1871 I went to Vienna to attend the rehearsal of "Les Brigands." Vienna is fond of me, and delights to spoil me. I am very proud of this. I never lose an opportunity to confess it. Whenever I visit the Austrian capital my friends, who are numerous, give me a most hospitable reception, and, will ye, nill ye, I must enjoy all the pleasures of that city, which is the city of pleasures. One night, while we were returning from Die Neue Welt (which is one of the most curious establishments in the world), our carriages were brought to a standstill by a crowd which had assembled in front of a fifth-rate ballroom, frequented by soldiers and suburban workmen. We thought at first the crowd had been attracted by a battle between drunkards, or a conflict between lovers, for a man was lying on the ground. Dr. Falkner, who was one of the party, leaped from the carriage, and went to see what was the matter. He was told:

"The check-taker of the ball has suddenly died."

Dr. Falkner examined the man on the ground, and presently said:

"He is not dead, but is dying of starvation."

Everybody tried to do something for the poor check-taker. He was given a glass of wine. A collection was taken up for him. We put something into it. The doctor promised to go to see the poor fellow in the morning, and asked his address. A woman gave him a visiting-card, and the doctor went up to the carriage-lamp and read:

RODOLPHE ZIMMER,
Professor of Music.
Sternegasse, No. 368.

"Zimmer! I know him! Quick! quick!" I exclaimed. "Put him in this carriage. I will take charge of him!"

We drove to the address on the card. Zimmer's chamber was on the fifth story. The door was opened, and our hearts ached when we saw—not the chamber—but the hole in which the poor fellow lived. Four naked, solid walls; a little straw in one corner, an earthenware porringer, a bit of soap—nothing else. Luckily, we were in a furnished lodging-house, and the chambers on the first story were almost decent. We had poor Zimmer placed in the best of them. Dr. Falkner promised me that he should be well taken care of.

A week or ten days afterwards a servant announced to me: "Mr. Rodolphe Zimmer." At last I had got possession of my waltz! A tall, old man, with a noble face, entered my room. Misfortune had cruelly scratched his wrinkled cheeks with her claws. His eyes were gentle and resigned. Long white hair fell on his black coat, which was most threadbare, but as tidy as could be. Everything about him awoke sympathy.

"Sir, I have come to thank you for your kindness to me."

"It is not worth mentioning. I did nothing but follow the example of your friends."

"I have no friends. I have not long enough to live to talk to you of gratitude. I have come merely to say 'Thank you.'"

I replied quite dryly (for, to tell the truth, I thought his "Thank you" rather a poor return for all I had done):

"I repeat again, you owe me nothing. Do you know who I am?"

"Jacques Offenbach."

"Yes, that's my name; now you can understand that between brethren of the same profession the very least they can do is to help each other."

Zimmer murmured in a bitter tone:

"Brethren! You say that out of politeness. Alas! I am nothing but a poor professor without profit—that is, with nothing."

"I beg your pardon. You have had your share of popularity. You have had talents."

"I am obliged by your politeness."

"It is not politeness. It is my sincere opinion."

"You may, perhaps, have heard that, and you repeat it to me to lessen the bitterness of alms. You do not, you cannot, know anything about me."

"You are mistaken, and I am going to prove it to you."

I went to the piano and I played slowly the eight bars I knew so well. The old man lifted his head at the first notes; stupefaction was followed by infinite delight. The artist straightened himself up. A beam of joy shone through the tears which streamed down his face. When I had the utmost difficulty to get through the eight bars, his emotion had so affected me. I rose. He ran towards me and took my hands, and exclaimed:

"Ah! Maestro, dear Maestro! May God reward you! You have done a good deed for me. You have prevented the frightful agony of nothing. You give me strength to live—that is everything. So there is indeed somebody on earth who still knows me, and that somebody is you. Ah! how can I show my gratitude for this delight, which is so great, so unexpected!"

I exclaimed:

"Nothing, my dear friend. You have but to play me the rest of the waltz."

"The rest?—the rest of my waltz?"

"Yes. It is the greatest favor you could do me. When I shall have told why, you will see that all is not settled between us, and that I am still your debtor."

Zimmer sat at the piano and played, as I had just done, the eight bars. Then he stopped. I was all attention. He seemed to be trying to recall it. His physiognomy changed from astonishment to pain. Suddenly he clasped his brow in his hands and exclaimed in terror:

"I can't recollect it! I can't recollect it! Good heavens! I am going crazy—maybe it is excitement—you are listening to me—and yet this very morning I played it. That waltz is my life, myself—a very mournful life. Let me go home; I'll fetch the waltz to you. I will not be long now."

"Be still more generous. Come to breakfast with me to-morrow, and then you will play the waltz to me and tell me your history."

That very evening a telegram summoned me to Paris. A month afterwards I returned to Vienna. I then found that Zimmer had died in the interim, leaving a parcel for me.

I confess it was with emotion I opened the packet. It contained the waltz, a small ring set with sapphires, an envelope grown yellow by time, and these lines traced by a trembling hand:

MAESTRO: I owe to you the sole pleasure which I have enjoyed for these forty years. Allow me while dying to bequeath you the three objects which have recalled to me my past happiness. I promised you my history. I tell it: I was five-and-twenty years old. I had been betrothed for three years. I loved Annie with all the fervor of my soul. I worked day and night to become celebrated that she might be proud of me and happy. I believe there are still living people who knew her. Were they asked, they would say that she appeared on earth a woman more perfect than she was. One evening her mother said to me: "She is twenty years old; you may marry her." I kissed the hands of my darling's mother. My love looked at me in a manner which I alone could visible in her whole person; I was too touched to be able to speak. I left them for Prague to fetch my father to our wedding. I returned with him a fortnight afterwards, and buoyant with happiness. I went to introduce her to him; a neighbor met me at her door, and said: "Don't knock too loudly—she is dead!" It was true. She was dead. Before her bed, her old mother was there, weeping all alone. She was dead. There are young girls who die of consumption; death's advances are followed day by day, and in six months a life's love is given them; but I, who lived without an hour's illness, all suddenly, no warning, no time for last words, no time for farewell. My father sobbed. He led me away, saying: "Don't despair!" He had never seen her. I have since that day vegetated hopeless, deserted, and alone. Be secure. The inclosed paper contains her hair; seeing death approach, I have wanted to burn it, but then I said: "If you do not die, you will be condemned for their loss." I beseech you to burn it without opening the paper. This ring I gave her on the day of our betrothal. It cost me a hundred florins. I have been starving this many a day as I gazed on it. It made me only wish life. I bequeath it to you that it may remain useful. Once more I thank you. May God keep unto you all of them you love!

I burned the paper which contained her hair; I did not open it. The ring shall not be sold. I have published the Waltz.—*The* (London) *Theatre.*

JOHN HOWORTH,

one of the oldest panorama managers in the United States, was born in London, Eng., Feb. 23, 1816. His father was James Howorth, a retired merchant-law and a wealthy man. At the age of twelve years the subject of this sketch ran away from the boarding-school at which he had been placed, and made a complete trip around the world in a Scotch sailing-vessel before he was fifteen years old. In 1842 he arrived in Boston, Mass., and soon after apprenticed himself to the machinist's trade in Clinton, and for years was employed in this business in that town, Lowell and South Boston. In 1844 he began his professional career in Baltimore as property-man with a Panorama of the Mammoth Cave and Natural Curiosities of the American Continent, at a salary of $6 per week, he boarding himself. By economy and frugality he was enabled to purchase the whole of the panorama, paying therefor $2,500. He made the first payment of $90 within two years from the date of his engagement. This panorama Mr. Howorth exhibited through the East for about eleven years. He was then manager for Perham's Minstrels, with which organization he remained about a year, when he took out a company of Chinese jugglers. In 1860 Mr. Howorth started in the mercantile business in Louisville, Ky., where he remained until Sept., 1864, but in the interim was on the road several times with a panorama of the war, the first that was ever exhibited in the Southwest. In 1864 he started with a Panorama of the Holy Land, which was under the management of Howorth & Koch as well. After four years he purchased the entire panorama, and, adding twenty-five scenes of Milton's "Paradise Lost," he made a complete tour of the United States and Canada. His next venture was with the Panorama of the Franco-Prussian War, in 1871, which he exhibited successfully for two years. In March, 1873, he organized his first Panorama of Ireland and Comedy Company, and opened in Worcester, Mass. With

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy---Sentimental Ballads---Comic Songs---Theatrical Jokes ---Circus Reminiscences---Old Playbills---Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

PREPARING FOR THE HEAVY BUSINESS.

Following in the illustrious and not under-sized *footsteps* of the Rev. Dr. Talmage, we purpose to show you the elephant. More than that, we shall show you how the elephant is made. Dr. Talmage, no doubt, labors under the delusion that he has seen the elephant; but although the reverend gentleman has looked upon the giddy throng dancing upon the verge of that awful precipice which yawns to —what we set out to say was that, although the police have shown Talmage around, they have not actually exhibited to him the elephant. We hope the Doctor makes it a point to read THE CLIPPER, otherwise he will lose this really interesting performance. Our elephant, as you may perceive, is just now in the process of construction. He will be a complete and symmetrical elephant as soon as human ingenuity has put a head on him. Human ingenuity is now exerting itself in that direction. The jolly-looking gymnast who sits astride of the elephantine neck will presently disappear under the accommodating elephantine skin, and forthwith assume the duties and functions of the elephantine head. It requires a number of assistants, much ingenuity and trunks full of properties to make an elephant. Yet, with all this trouble, the manufactured elephant has certain points of advantage over the genuine article. He consumes less hay and he breaks fewer bridges. He can be taken to pieces and moved in sections. He does not require a keeper, and when he walks over a man in the ring he is morally certain not to crush him. For a traveling show the manufactured elephant is certainly less burdensome and expensive than the genuine. But it should be remembered that the former consumes, in its sectional character, a great deal more beer than does the latter.

ONLY A BLOSSOM FROM HER GRAVE.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MY ESTEEMED FRIEND AND BROTHER CHAS. H. HAVENS,

BY T. W. HANSHEW.

Only a blossom, golden-hued,
Plucked from the grassy mound;
Only a leaf and a tender flow'r—
Dead like the world around.
Only a mem'ry, only a thread
Unwound by the fingers of the dead;
Only a flow'r that my tear-drops lave,
Only a blossom from her grave.

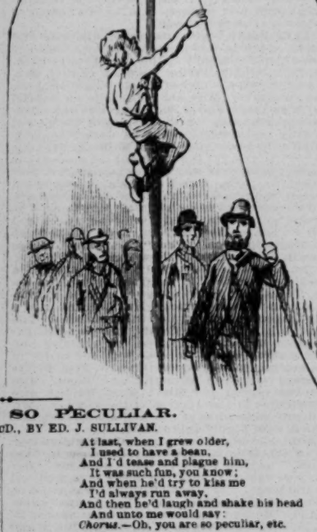
Chorus.—Only a leaflet, only a flow'r,
Only the mem'ries of an hour,
Washed ashore by fancy's wave,
Back with this blossom from her grave,
Back with this blossom, golden-hued blossom,
Back with this blossom from her grave.

Only a blossom, withered, dead!
Plucked from its fellow-flowers—
A faded leaf and a broken stem—
Remains of bygone hours.
This is left of the love that to me
Was wide and deep as the heaving sea;
Only this token, faded, I save—
Only this blossom from her grave.

Chorus.—Only a leaflet, only a flow'r,
Only the mem'ries of an hour,
Washed ashore by fancy's wave,
Back with this blossom from her grave,
Back with this blossom, golden-hued blossom,
Back with this blossom from her grave.

Brooklyn, 1878.

THE GREASED POLE.



To give the younger patrons of THE CLIPPER VARIETIES an opportunity of enjoying themselves in their own peculiar way, we have caused to be erected a smooth, high pole, upon which they are invited to display their soaring ambition without money and without price. This pole, in order to make it smoother, and therefore easier for the boys to climb, has been greased. Believing, as we do, that honest effort should always reap substantial reward, we have placed a twenty-dollar bill at the top of the pole—where we regard it as considerably safer than if it were placed in the vault of the average savings-bank. Any boy is at liberty to take this twenty-dollar bill if he can; and, besides aiding him in the attempt by greasing the pole, we also furnish a number of appreciative and demonstrative spectators. It will be seen that the magnetic twenty-dollar bill is already drawing towards itself one youngster whose ambition rises to the level of the pole. He is only half way up as yet, however, and it looks very much as if he would take a drop before he ascends any higher. It is not, we believe, definitely settled whether climbing the greased pole was a classic pastime or not; but, all things considered, it is only fair to assume that the sport came out of Greece. The pole is usually the accompaniment to the greased pig and the sack race. It is, however, superior to either of these amusements, as it teaches the young idea to climb—a most desirable thing, as all moral instructors will witness. We apprehend that the novelty of this performance will at once strike contemporaneous managers, and we shall not be surprised to see greased poles erected in all the variety theatres at an early day. Let the small boys keep up their courage; for, although it may be a little difficult to mount the pole, it is at once easy and pleasant to slide down.

OH, YOU ARE SO PECULIAR.

DEDICATED TO CECIL McD., BY ED. J. SULLIVAN.

When I was a little girl
I always went to school—
I was the teacher's darling,
For I kept the golden rule;
I always had my lessons
Perfect every day,
And if I ever got them wrong
The teacher then would say:
Chorus.—Oh, you are so peculiar—
Indeed, you are peculiar;
You make me smile,
Yes, all the while,
And you're a mystery to me.

At home I used to help mamma
When washing-day came round,
But when I'd to milk the cows
I never could be found;
I'd always go out to the barn
And hide amongst the hay,
And when mamma would find me
This is what she'd say:
Chorus.—Oh, you are so peculiar, etc.

At last when I grew older,
I used to have a beau,
And I'd tease and plague him,
It was such fun, you know;
And when he'd try to kiss me
I'd always run away,
And then he'd laugh and shake his head
And unto me would say:
Chorus.—Oh, you are so peculiar, etc.

I guess I'll marry Charley,
For he thinks the world of me;
But I sometimes think it's funny
Why we two can't agree.
I'd often say I'd have him,
But forget it all next day,
And when he hears about it
He'll kiss me and then say:
Chorus.—Oh, you are so peculiar—
Indeed, you are peculiar;
You make me smile,
Yes, all the while,
And you're a mystery to me.

ABOUT AMAZONS.

These are Amazons of the latest and most approved pattern. They have been secured, along with hundreds of other auxiliaries—that polysyllable sounds infinitely sweeter in the ear of the ambitious Thespian than does the vulgar abbreviation supe—expressly for the new spectacular play which we intend to bring out at an early day. The Amason, as you possibly know, is a creature peculiar to herself. She springs from uncertain roots, flourishes in the stoniest kind of soil, and sooner or later blossoms out from the seclusion of East-side tenement-houses into the glory of tin helmets and wooden spears. Her stock in trade is invariably her form, and yet she is rarely if ever a formal person. She is sometimes seen afternoon, and sometimes without. Those who see her without are more apt to become en-armored of her, because in that case her arms are visible. [These are 'armless little eccentricities in which we frequently indulge when troubled with indigestion.] You will perceive, from the specimen of our Amazons here presented, that they are of the finest type—diamond Amazons, so to speak. We pay them liberally, so there is no excuse for their not living in first-class shape—especially as it is by means of their first-class shapes that they live at all. However it may have been with the Amasons of earlier days, those of the present rarely wage any warfare except against too-susceptible hearts. In short, their most dangerous weapons are often their eyes, with which they shoot killing glances.

OLD UNCLE JIM.

BY SAM MURDY.

Ise gittin' old an' shaky, Iss a-gwine to leab you soon
For a better home in heaben up above,
Whar loreber more I'll sing dat bressed hallelujah tune,
An' dwell in dat Great Massa's boundless love;
Dis poor old body soon will lay beneath de grass and mold,
Dese eyes is fast a-growin' weak an' dim;
Oh, soon I'll climb de golden stair dat leads straight to de fold—
Dar's a place up dar fur poor Old Uncle Jim.

Chorus.—Den I wants to go (*sympah*) from dis world ob woe; (*sympah.*)
I wants to be a shinin' cherubim;
I wants to see my good old wife, dat left me long ago—
She's a-waitin' for to welcome Uncle Jim.

I nebber can forgit de day when good Old Hannah died,
Before Old Massa Linkums sot me free;
I laid her down to rest by de Swanee ribber side,
An' nobber since de world's been dark to me;
But soon Ise gwine to meet her in de kingdom ob de blest,
Soon across de deep, dark ribber I will swim,
An' Old Hannah will be waitin' in dat glorious land ob rest
With a pair ob wings for poor Old Uncle Jim.

Chorus.—Den I wants to go, etc.

I wish de Massa'd come for me—O Gabriel! blow your trump,
I aint no good in dis world any more;
Dis poor old body's all done gone—I wait de blessed morn
When I'll shout an' sing upon de odder shore;
Dar ain't no pain in dat bressed land, no sin, no sad nor woe,
Dar ain't happiness o'erflowin' to de brim;
Den, Massa, O come quickly! dis poor old soul release,
For dar's no more pleasure here for Uncle Jim.

Chorus.—Den I wants to go, etc

ROBINSON & ELDRED'S CIRCUS IN BOSTON, MASS., IN 1852.

We present a copy of an advertisement which appeared in *The Boston Daily Times*, dated Aug. 31, 1852. "Old" John Robinson, as he is familiarly called, is in retirement in Cincinnati, O., having for some few years past entrusted the management of his circus to his sons; Gil. N. Eldred has for many years been performing for a salary in Europe; Signor Felix Carlo, the father of the Carlo Brothers, who are now managing a circus in South America, is living in retirement; Sam Long is still before the public; Mme. Robinson is in retirement in Cincinnati, O.; Master James Robinson has now a world-wide reputation, and is traveling with the London Show; S. P. Stickney died in Cincinnati March 30, 1877; Tom King died in Baltimore, Md., Oct. 26, 1877; Master John, a son of John Robinson, is now one of the managers of John Robinson's Circus.

GRAND SOUTHERN CIRCUS.

ROBINSON & ELDRED'S GREAT SOUTHERN CIRCUS, ON ITS NORTHERN TOUR WILL PERFORM IN BOSTON, IN THE PUBLIC GARDEN

ON MONDAY AND TUESDAY, 30TH AND 31ST AUG., and WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, 1ST and 2D SEPT.

Four days only.

Everything new, surprisingly elegant and complete, at a cost of thirty thousand dollars!

Each performer a star, and each star a brilliant one!

Motto—"We perform to please!"

Energy, labor, talent, novelty and expense combined to gratify and please the public.

CINDERELLA, OR THE LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER.

This beautiful nursery, dramatic, fairy spectacle is performed by twenty-five children, all dressed in splendid costumes of the order of the Court of Versailles two hundred years ago. The youngest of these children is only 18 months old, and the oldest does not exceed 15 years. For particulars see Cinderella bills.

THE BAND

comprises 12 musicians chosen for the renown they have won in Germany and Italy, and led by the celebrated "Champion Bugle" from Berlin, HERR NEAVE, who will execute many of the choice compositions of the great masters.

The procession will be preceded by the

NEW CHARIOT,

which was lately exhibited in Baltimore, and visited by over 10,000 persons. It is the most superb carriage in the world, and drawn by twenty splendidly-matched cream horses.

EIGHTY MAGNIFICENT HORSES,

selected from every portion of the globe.

FOURTEEN DIMINUTIVE PERFORMING PONIES.

The celebrated Georgia performing mule SANCHO, ten years old, and no larger than a dog

THE GREAT PERFORMING HORSE THUNDERBOLT.

THE ELEGANT TRICK-PONY DAMOCLES.

HURRAH! FUN, FROLIC, AND LAUGHTER.

CLOWNS: SIGNOR FELIX CARLO,

known all over the world as the best trick-clown that ever

CURIOUS BREVITIES.—In England, in the reign of James I, a law was passed, imposing a fine of £10 for any irreverent allusion to the Diety, or to the Trinity, in a play-house.....In 1609 the theatres of Paris were ordered by proclamation to open their doors at one o'clock, in order that the performance may be over by half-past four..... A record, dated 1785, speaks of Mrs. Sage, who is supposed to have been the first English woman aeronaut....The guitar was used in England by Francis Corbetta in 1663....A female dancer, with a large flowing beard, appeared in Venice in 1736.

FOREIGN THEATRICAL NOVELTIES.

"CONRAD."

a French version, by Auguste Vitu, of Giacometti's "La Morte Civile," was produced at the Odeon Theatre, Paris, Nov. 28, with great success. The plot is as follows:

Conrad, the hero, is a Sicilian painter, a man of strong passion and fiery temper. He has carried off and married, against the will of her family, a young girl named Rosalie, and, when her brother, George, is sent by her parents to bring her back to the paternal roof, a quarrel arises between the two men, and Conrad stabs his brother-in-law to the heart. He is sentenced, tried, and sentenced to hard labor for life at the hulks at Naples. After fourteen years of suffering the convict escapes, and sets out in search of his wife and his daughter, Regina. He finds them both safe and in good health, but, like a sort of Enoch Arden, he discovers that his wife, if not absolutely the mistress of Dr. Henry Palmieri, is at least living in his house in the capacity of housekeeper, while the young girl, who had never heard even the name of her real father, thinks she is Palmieri's daughter. A notability of the province, who had paid dishonorable addresses to Rosalie, which were repulsed, has no difficulty in filling Conrad's mind with suspicions as to his wife's conduct, and the returned convict suddenly appears menacingly between her and Palmieri. But the Doctor, in a calm, explicit explanation, soon banishes the unfortunate man's unjust suspicions, and with them his hopes. He had, he tells her father, taken pity on poor little Regina, then a mere infant, because she recalled to him the memory of a lost daughter of his own, and she now fills the place, and has taken the name, of his Emma. As for Rosalie, she is in complete ignorance of the opprobrium attaching to her parentage, she is weakly in the extreme, and a revelation would kill her, while, as for Rosalie, she has sacrificed herself for her child, who does not know her as her mother, but merely as a house-keeper who has lavished on her every tender care from her infancy. Then Palmieri, having recounted these facts to Conrad, tells him that he is entitled to exercise his rights as a father, but if he does so it will be at the sacrifice of his child's life. Conrad reflects an instant, and then exclaims that he is prepared to abandon his daughter, since her happiness depends on it; but his wife, he says, should follow her husband. "And I will follow you," returns Rosalie, with a simple obedience that renders the unfortunate man speechless. He had understood that Palmieri loved Rosalie; indeed, the Doctor had frankly avowed to him that, were she free to marry him, he would make her his wife. Conrad then has only one point to clear up. Does his wife love Palmieri? The scene that takes place between the husband and wife is a powerful one. The woman confesses that she entertains a deep affection for the Doctor, but that never, even in thought, has she been faithless to her duty. At last the convict, by dint of the closest questioning, extracts from her the admission that if she were relieved from the chain which binds her to him she would give her hand to Palmieri. This avowal breaks what remains of the poor wretch's heart. Both daughter and wife are lost to him; nothing remains for him but to sacrifice his life for those on whom he had brought misery, and he swallows poison. While the death agony is approaching he makes Emma understand that Rosalie is her real mother, and that a secret marriage had long united her to Palmieri. And, as the unhappy victim is expiring, when he exclaims, with his last sigh, "Regina!" the mother tells the girl to kiss him. "He is calling to his daughter," she says, "and believes thou art she. Aid him in believing it; my child, call him 'Father,' that he may die in peace." "Father, my father, look at thy Regina!" sobs the daughter; and, as Conrad makes a last effort to embrace her, he expires.

It was interpreted by Pujol as Conrad, Mlle. Helene Petit as Rosalie, Mlle. Marie Berge as Emma-Regina (her debut), and Regnier as the Doctor.

"BRACKEN HOLLOW,"

a new romantic drama by Mrs. Augustus Bright, was first acted at the Alexandra Theatre, Sheffield, Eng., Nov. 27. It is in two acts and six tableaux, and the story is thus told:

At Bracken Hollow live Sir John Armytage and his daughter Helen, who, in the first scene, informs her father of her love for the Chevalier Gaston Dantres, a guest of the baronet, and obtains his consent to their union. Immediately afterwards her cousin Richard, a deformed lawyer, proposes for her hand, but is rejected, and swears vengeance. To his aid comes Mrs. Adair, an unwelcome visitor at the Hollow. She appears to give him encouragement if he will pecuniarily reward her. The compact is sealed, and in the next scene the revenge commences. The wedding-party is about to start for the church when Mrs. Adair announces that Helen is not the baronet's daughter, but the daughter of Sir John's dead friend, Sir Richard Wilfrid, and Helen, who has been smitten by her charms. Some interesting comedy is here introduced, but the appearance on the scene of Mr. Dangerfield, a counsin to Lady Beatrix, arouses a deeper interest. Sir Richard sees in her a remarkable likeness to the dead Helen, and Sir Wilfrid recognises her as a favorite actress whom he saw in America. Dangerfield denounces Helen's position. Helen was supposed dead, but was revived by Stephen Langton, a doctor, who had loved her long and faithfully, and whose suit had been favored by the late Sir John. After her restoration she determined to find out her real parents and, to gain a livelihood, joined a dramatic company. Failing in her pursuit, she longs to return to her old home, and engages herself as companion to Lady Beatrix, who does not know her. Stephen unearths Mrs. Adair, and purchases from her the secret with respect to Helen. She is the daughter of the Earl of Ruysdale, stolen to revenge a wrong inflicted by the Countess. The Earl receives his long-lost daughter, and her willingly Langton, a doctor, for whom she has now a sincere and ardent affection. Sir Richard conveniently dies, and informs Stephen that the entail is cut off, and that he is the heir. Thus happiness is restored to Bracken Hollow.

"LA CAMARGO."

This is the title of a three-act operetta, by M. Lecocq, words by Mme. Leterrier and Vanloo, recently produced at the Renaissance Theatre, Paris.

The heroine, who gives her name to the piece, is the celebrated dancer who captivated all Paris under the reign of Louis the Fifteenth. Born in the south of France, her features and form were half Spanish, half Roman in their character, and she contrived to surround her amours with a certain air of mystery. She was much courted by all the gallants of the time, and MM. Leterrier and Vanloo have given her for passionate admirer the notorious bandit Mandrin. When the curtain rises on the greenroom of the Opera we find the robber-chief there disguised as the Chevalier De Valroly, to press his suit to La Camargo. To win her favor at the outset, he is going to offer her a necklace worth 25,000, which, it so happens, some of his associates have just looted. And, as bad luck would have it, this precious ornament is in reality the property of the dancer. It had been given to her only a few hours previously by the Marquis de Pontcale, head of the police. The robbery has been discovered, the Camargo is wild with rage, and all present are on the point of being searched. Mandrin will be caught with the jewels in his pocket, when he is saved by a Mexican Princess, who hides them in her bosom. The name of this buxom lady is Juana, and her regard for the bandit arises from a somewhat singular cause. Mandrin's band had recently pillaged her chateau, and she is under the impression that its leader had made her a still greater victim on the occasion. Of this, however, she is not exactly sure, as she had fainted at the critical moment. She cherishes a fond dream with regard to Mandrin, however, it must be confessed, and would be grieved to hear that it is a false one. The second act brings us to the bandit's home, a chateau sumptuously furnished in genuine brigand style, with all sorts of booty scattered about. The Princess is there, making fierce love to Mandrin; but her "labor's lost," for he has had the Camargo carried off by his men, and is expecting every moment her arrival to grace the fete he is about to give in her honor. He is once more radiant in the blue and silver costume of the Chevalier De Valjoly, and his "merry men" are very splendid also in the clothes they have robbed from a long succession of travelers. When the dancer appears, amid all the splendor, she soon finds that her capture is not the work of a brigand, but of some grand seigneur, who desires to retain her for a day or two in his mountain domain. The assemblage is completed by the arrival of Pontcale, who has been sent by the King at the head of quite a little army with orders to capture the notorious Mandrin dead or alive. He has his plan of campaign all ready, and, when he shows it to his host, the latter corrects it on finding a fashion that the Chief of police will be certain to trap the robber band in an ambuscade. Meanwhile, Mandrin loses no time in trying to make the Camargo accept his suit, and she dances before him and the distinguished company some of her most brilliant pas. The amorous Princess from the tropics is not slow to grow jealous, and, moreover, she has just been made aware that the injury she had supposed the brigand had done her, which was the original cause of her regard for him, is purely imaginary. Mandrin had been rude enough to respect her helpless condition—an insult which it is not in her Southern blood to forgive. She accordingly denounces the bandit to Camargo, the latter sends off to inform Pontcale, and the chateau is very soon surrounded by the King's troops. Here occurs one of those inexplicable confusions common enough in comic operas. Pontcale, who is fully persuaded that Mandrin is really the Marquis De Valjoly, gives him an order by which the soldiers are instructed to obey the bearer—a document which the outlaw puts to use by handing the Chief-of-police, the Camargo, and Juana arrested, while he himself escapes. The third act brings us to the famous tavern of Ramponeau, with its rickety tables, pewter mugs, its hearth, before which poultry are roasting, and its greasy walls, adorned with the popular caricatures of the day. Mandrin has contrived to get himself accepted by Pontcale as a supposed police spy, and the latter is in hot search of the bandit. Mandrin is still planning how he can best carry off the Camargo, who has disguised herself as a street-singer for the purposes of tracking her persecutor. The Princess Juana appears as a seller of sweetmeats. The denouement can be better "imagined than described," and suffice it to say that, in the end, the Camargo enables Mandrin to escape.

Mlle. Zulina Bouffar appeared as the Camargo, Mlle. Deeclauzas as the Princess, Vaubier as Mandrin, and Berthelier as Pontcale.

"A BATTLE ROYAL,"

a comedy, written by Arthur Matthison for Mrs. Howard Paul, and in which that lady made her r'entree into dramatic life, was first played at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, Eng., Nov. 25:

A Mr. Morton, a wealthy ironmaster, dies in England without a will, and his brother goes to America in search of one of the heirs. When he is found it turns out that he is the possessor of a deed of gift of the whole of his uncle's estate, and he comes to England to take possession of the property and to turn out penniless the relations who had hoped to share the fortune, and who had, in fact, gone to the trouble of revealing to him his heirship—a hard requital of kindness, which is opportunely averted by the grace of the heroine, who melts and marries the obdurate nephew. On his return from America Mr. Morton, imbued with transatlantic notions, converts his house into a sort of "Liberty Hall." In the course of his travels he is fairly caught by the magnificence and superiority of everything Yankee, and he returns to the old country with these notions rampant. He has imported, too, a genuine specimen of the strong-minded woman—Miss Patience Bunker—who, in addition to a strong Yankee twang, has very stalled ideas of women's rights. She is engaged to teach the Misses Morton wisdom and knowledge after the Tilton and Woodhull pattern. The girls take to the lessons with much avidity, and are encouraged in the new doctrine by Mrs. Sadler, a lady who has already practiced women's rights by making her husband a limp and spiritless cypher in the domestic economy. The new code, however, does not work out so satisfactorily in practice as in theory. Mrs. Morton's domestic felicity is destroyed by the wayward irregularity of his daughters, who roam about in the most erratic fashion, and one of whom is on the point of eloping with an actor, when the new doctrine is applied to them. His house becomes the rendezvous of strong-minded females who rave about their bondage and wrongs, and assert their privileges in a fashion more dogmatic than pleasant. And these domestic scourges from his woman-kind, old Morton has his cup of bitterness filled by the advent of the male Yankee, who is only one degree less insufferable than the females of the same kin. There is one redeeming feature in his character, that, while he is self assertive and vulgar, he is not heartless. He is callous to the lectures and badgering of the screeching syrens; but he succumbs before the pure if grasping and truly feminine artifices of Agnes Fleming. She is the one true woman in the repellant galaxy. She believes that woman's sphere and woman's strength are grace, gentleness, and love, and the character certainly offers a grateful contrast to the man-females by whom she is surrounded. In the concluding scene, where the heroine fascinates and wins the American "bear," thereby saving the household from being turned adrift, the author displays an amount of keen perception of striking stage effects which had full weight with the appreciative audience.

Dramatic Fallacies.

That the "wings" of a stage have anything to do with the "run" of a piece on it.

That the buzzing heard behind the curtain between the acts necessarily proceeds from the "flies."

That the acting manager ever acts.

That it is possible to cut down an overlengthy play with its own "acts."

That the villain is certain to "rue" it when he comes on the stage by the R. U. E.

That the hurried scraping of the orchestra's fiddles foretells deeds of "violins."

NO MATTER how hard it is to find a rocking-chair during the day, a man is sure to fall over one when he is looking for the match-box after dark.

TWO WORKS OF ART.

THE BAD ONES.

In calling your attention to this remarkable work of art, and also to the companion piece which follows, it may not be out of place to remind you that the artist has drawn directly from nature, and that he has reproduced his subjects with startling fidelity. You will hardly need to be told that this first scene represents a pair of naughty children. Their very attitude, to say nothing of the robustness of their figures, shows them to be naughty. It is equally obvious that they are children. Indulging as they are in the reckless dissipation of battledore and shuttlecock, the christian observer cannot fail to observe the flush upon their cheeks and the unwonted light in their eyes. We—that is, the christian observers—know only too well what these symptoms indicate. They are never found except in the cases of naughty children. These unregenerate infants laugh and cry with equal vigor; they steal cake and jam when their mother's back is turned; they like going to a picnic better than going to school; they climb fences and soil their clean clothes; they are always hungry; they shout with joy when the circus comes to town; they pull the wings from flies whenever they can catch the flies; they are, in a word, naughty children. They will grow up in time to be men and women. Probably they will enjoy good health, live to a ripe old age, eat and drink a great many good things, and never become missionaries. That is the unhappy lot of most naughty children. What a relief it is to turn from the contemplation of this youthful depravity, to gaze upon the saintly countenances of the good children! We find them seated modestly upon a bench. No robustness here—no battledore and shuttlecock—no loud laughter and unseemly hilarity. No. The good children are puny and small and saintly. They never make any noise, they never steal jam, nor climb fences, nor shout when they see the circus. They love to go to Sunday-school and to sing Mr. Sankey's hymns and to read the beautiful stories of that great and good man T. S. Arthur. They, too, will grow up in time, but ah, how different will be their lot from that of the naughty children! One of them, while yet at an early age, will develop the dyspepsia, and never be able to eat anything but Graham-bread and apples. The other one will be subject to fits, and various misfortunes. They will go out together to the savage countries, and there, after shipwreck and a sunstroke, and nine days without food, and sundry tracks distributed among the heathen—after all this, they will be seized by the natives, skinned, roasted and eaten. What a glorious end! How abundantly it will repay all their hardships and trials. And we feel morally certain that this will be the lot of our good little friends, unless, indeed, another equally cheerful fate awaits them. They may die—it is a sort of a way good little children have. In that case, while they would escape the dyspepsia and the cannibals, other pleasant things would doubtless occur to comfort them on their brief journey through life. They would perhaps have the croup, scarlet-fever and chicken-pox all at once; and some sympathetic track-distributor might drop in to give them a lecture at the same time. But if the colic, or any dread disease, should cut them down in the flower of their childhood, they would still have this thought to solace them: Good little children are always immortalized in the obituary column, but who ever saw any bad little children there?

THE GOOD ONES.

BASEBALL.

THE JERSEY CITY CLUB RECORD.

The fact was practically realized last season that Jersey City was so identified with the metropolis that it could readily support a well-managed co-operative professional club. The success of the Jersey City nine of 1878, both on the field and financially, under the circumstances of their having to play on such a wretched ball-field, was proof positive that under a more favorable condition of things there would hardly be a doubt of the financial success of a good co-operative or even stock-company team there in 1879. The Jersey City Club secretary, Wm. Staples, began the work of organizing the team last season, and afterwards he was ably seconded by J. Brown, whose energetic management finally carried the club through to a paying point in the face of many drawbacks. All that is wanted to place the nine on a paying footing for 1879 is to re-engage the majority of the players, and to reconstruct the ground, the latter being very essential. If the new fence—which is absolutely a necessary improvement—be erected inside the old fence, the latter can be left as a barrier to the destruction of the new fence by the "peepers." This, with seats under tight cover to accommodate about a thousand people, together with the turfing of the field, would make the Centennial Ball-grounds a resort worthy of patronage.

The record of the Jersey City nine shows that in fielding skill it was one of the strongest of the co-operative nines of this vicinity in the arena during 1878, if not the strongest. Out of fifty games played they won 46 and lost but 12. They defeated the New York City champions—the Flyaways—four times out of five games, and won the championship of New Jersey. Their model games were:

July 27,	Jersey City vs. Witoka, at Jersey City	1 to 0
Aug. 12,	Jersey City vs. Skipper, at Jersey City	2 0
June 24,	Jersey City vs. Flyaway, at Jersey City	2 1
Aug. 23,	Jersey City vs. Staatsville, at Staatsville	2 1
Sept. 18,	Jersey City vs. Pastime, at Jersey City	3 1
Sept. 28,	Jersey City vs. Alaska, at Jersey City	3 2
July 10,	Witoka vs. Jersey City, at Jersey City	3 2
Sept 20,	Alaska vs. Jersey City, at Jersey City	3 2

Full record of the club in victories, defeats and drawn games for 1878:

VICTORIES.

June 19,	vs. New York, at Centennial Grounds	7 to 3
June 20,	vs. Orange, at Orange, N. J.	21 13
June 24,	vs. Flyaway, at Centennial Grounds	1
June 26,	vs. New York, at Centennial Grounds	14 7
July 2,	vs. Ryan of Ruther'd F'k, at Cent'l G'd's	24 2
July 4 (A. M.),	vs. Hoboken, at Centennial G'nds.	6 4
July 4,	vs. Flyaway, at Centennial Grounds	17 7
July 8,	vs. Resolute, at Newark	10 4
July 9,	vs. Hartford of Hartford, at Cent'l Gr'nds.	3 2
July 11,	vs. Picked Nine, at Centennial Grounds	9 3
July 12,	vs. Domestic of Newark, at Cent'l Gr'nds.	13 2
July 24,	vs. Orange, at Centennial Grounds	5 0
July 25,	vs. Hoboken, at Centennial Grounds	5 0
July 27,	vs. Witoka, at Centennial Grounds	1 0
July 29,	vs. Domestic of Newark, at Cent'l Gr'nds.	1 0
July 31,	vs. Osceola of Hackensack, at Cent. Gr'ds.	17 1
Aug. 3,	vs. Trenton of Trenton, at Cent'l Grounds.	20 1
Aug. 5,	vs. Union of New Brunswick, at Cent. G'n.	8 0
Aug. 7,	vs. Skipper of W'msb'gh, at Cent'l Gr'nds.	2 0
Aug. 14,	vs. Eagle of New York, at Cent'l Grounds.	21 6
Aug. 15,	vs. Hoboken, at Centennial Grounds	9 3
Aug. 19,	vs. Star of Greenville, at Cent'l Grounds.	17 3
Aug. 23,	vs. Staatsville, at Staatsville, N. Y.	2 1
Aug. 24,	vs. Union of New Brunswick, at Cen. Gds.	5 3
Aug. 26,	vs. Newark, at Centennial Grounds	13 1
Aug. 28,	vs. Witoka, at Centennial Grounds	12 0
Aug. 31,	vs. Domestic of Newark, at Cent'l Gr'nds.	2 1
Sept. 2,	vs. Star of Greenville, at Cena'l Grounds.	13 5
Sept. 9,	vs. Witoka, at Centennial Grounds	4 3
Sept. 11,	vs. Alaska, at Centennial Grounds	5 2
Sept. 14,	vs. Flyaway, at Centennial Grounds	2 1
Sept. 16,	vs. Hartford of Passaic, at Cent'l Grounds	19 4
Sept. 18,	vs. Pastime of Princeton, at Cent'l Gr'ds.	3 1
Sept. 21,	vs. Witoka, at Centennial Grounds	6 1
Sept. 25,	vs. Orange, at Centennial Grounds	15 5*
Sept. 25,	vs. Lowell of Lowell, at Cent'l Grounds	5 4
Sept. 28,	vs. Alaska, at Centennial Grounds	3 2
Sept. 30,	vs. Sunnyside of Sing Sing, at Cent'l Gr'ds.	20 1
Oct. 1,	vs. Witoka, at Union Grounds	5 1
Oct. 2,	vs. Orange, at Centennial Grounds	6 2
Oct. 5,	vs. Hudson of Hudson, at Cent'l Grounds.	9 7
Oct. 7,	vs. Hudson of Hudson, at Cent'l Grounds.	12 9
Oct. 9,	vs. Flyaway, at Centennial Grounds	20 6
Oct. 14,	vs. New York, at Centennial Grounds	8 5
Oct. 15,	vs. Alaska, at Centennial Grounds	6 3
Oct. 21,	vs. Estee of Spring Valley, at Cent'l Gr'ds.	10 1
Totals—46 games		448 125

DEFEATS.

June 21,	vs. New York, at Union Grounds	4 7
June 29,	vs. Resolute of Elizabeth, at Centen. G'd's	5 4
July 6,	vs. Witoka, at Centennial Grounds (12 inn.)	3 4
July 16,	vs. Witoka, at Centennial Grounds	2 3
July 18,	vs. Orange, at Orange, N. J.	3 4
Aug. 17,	vs. New Bedford, at Centennial Grounds	2 4
Aug. 22,	vs. Hudson, at Hudson, N. Y.	0 6
Sept. 4,	vs. Star of Syracuse, at Centennial Grounds	1 3
Sept. 7,	vs. New Bedford, at Centennial Grounds	11 3
Sept. 20,	vs. Alaska, at Centennial Grounds	2 3
Oct. 10,	vs. Flyaway, at Union Grounds	8 9
Oct. 10,	vs. Manchester, at Centennial Grounds	6 14
Totals—12 games		40 77

DRAWN.

June 15,	vs. Witoka, at Centennial Grounds (14 inn.)	2 2
Oct. 16,	vs. Witoka, at Centennial Grounds (9 inn.)	9 9
Totals		11 11

RECAPITULATION.

Won	46 games	Score 448 J. C., 125 Opp.
Lost	12 games	Score 40 J. C., 77 Opp.
Drawn	3 games	Score 11 J. C., 11 Opp.
Totals	60	499 213
Earned runs		101 83

The following are the batting and fielding records of the players who participated in five or more games. The pitchers are credited with assists on men striking out, owing to which their real fielding average cannot be ascertained.

BATTING RECORD.

	Games.	Runs.	T. B.	R. to Game.	Av. B. H. to Game.	P. Ct. H. of T. B.
Sweeney	60	53	289	76	1.26	.263
Troy	60	67	279	69	1.15	.249
Esterbrook	30	38	146	36	1.20	.246
Poorman	58	63	267	65	1.12	.243
Shandley	48	58	210	80	1.04	.343
Lewis	60	46	243	55	.96	.226
Quinn	51	57	286	52	1.01	.220
Meehan	59	43	277	50	.84	.223
Ricker	16	15	69	15	.94	.217
Dolan	30	27	119	25	.83	.210
Carroll	19	15	87	17	.89	.195
McCord	11	10	57	10	.90	.175
Willetts	35	16	105	14	.56	.133
Substitutes	11	15	47	11	1.00	.234
Club average	60	499	2,361	548	9.13	.232
Opponents' av.	60	213	2,084	346	5.76	.170

FIELDING RECORD.

	Games.	P. O.	A.	E.	Av. E. to a Game.	Ch'ces. Acc'd	Per ct. Chances Acc'd
Shandley, l. f.	48	129	17	3	.05	145	.967
Sweeney, 1st b.	54	433	9	23	.42	465	.948
Sweeney, c. f.	3	0	0	0	0.00	0	1.000
Sweeney, c.	3	16	9	0	2.66	33	.787
Poorman, 2d b	58	71	226	31	1.17	417	.878
Poorman, 1st b.	2	22	2	1	.50	25	.960
Troy, 2d b	56	167	129	42	.75	315	.867
Troy, r. f.	4	6	1	1	.25	8	.833
Esterbrook, s. s.	30	49	98	37	1.20	134	.726
Lewis, l. & c. f.	60	76	11	22	.36	109	.798
Meehan, c.	57	350	102	125	2.34	610	.795
Meehan, r. f.	3	3	3	3	1.00	6	.666
Dolan, 1st b.	34	278	34	32	1.12	347	.776
Ricker, 3d b	16	23	35	17	1.06	75	.773
Willetts, 3d b.	35	45	96	31	1.34	172	.738
Carroll, 3d b.	19	13	16	15	1.39

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A printed envelope, plainly addressed, must be enclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canada, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Dec. 16.

LADIES' LIST.

Anderson, Mad. Allison, Miss K.E. (2)
Adams, Lucille M.
Anbetta, Millie
Alma, Mlle. (gymnast)
Anderson, Mad. (p. o.m. Lincoln, Eng.)
Adair, Ada
Beaumont, Nellie (3)
Baker, Josep. (of Mighty Dollar Co.)
Bidwell, Dollie
Bennett, Eva
Brecto, Emma
Buckingham, Fannie L.
Burt, Fannie L.
Bates, Kitty
Constantine, Mrs. Eveline
Cotton, Mrs. Billy
Correll, Blanche
Croiza, Edith
Carroll, Josie
Cowie, Mlle.
Chittenden, Minnie
Collins, Mrs. Martha W.
Carleton, Irene
Chapman, Jennie
Cannon, May
Campion, Alice
Cassell, Fannie
Carlon, Lizzie (of Carlton Sisters)
Crabcree, Lotia
Drayton, Allie
Deelie, Madam
DuBarr, Madam
Dunbar, Ada
Dellon, Minnie (of Wallack's Co.)
Doyle, Katie
Duncan, Mattie
Dumont, M.
Delmay, Lo-lo
Dixon, Blanche
Earle, Mattie (of Rumsey's Co.) (3)
Fenderson, Juliet
Florence, Mrs. W. J.
Foy Sisters Co., Manager
Fontainbleau
Fielding, Maggie
Fowler, Fannie
Gordon, Lottie
Gilman, Ada
Gardner, Mrs. Fred.
Harris, Rosa (of Fanchon Co.)
Hart, Annie
Hawkins, Jr., Mrs. John
Hall, Lizzie J.
Hamilton, May
Hastings, Marie (of Bonfiace's Co.)
Herbert, Lizzie (of Boston Com. Co.)
Hanson, Lizzie
Haywood, Lizzie
Hilton, Frankie
Kenyon, Lola (of Rentz's Minst.)
Leslie, Ida (vocalist) (3)
Lorraine, Emma
Le Gros, Mrs. Marie
La Verde, Belle
Lee, Pauline (of London Circus)
Leigh, Miss J. (care M. Lewin)
Lucille, Pauline
Leslie, Mrs. David
Lorraine, Emilie
LaVerde, Mrs. C. M.
Marshall, Florence (3)
Miranda, Emma
Moore, Kate (of Syracuse, N. Y.)
Mortimer, Annie
Maivey, Emile
Marshall, Mrs. H. A.
Murray, Alice
Mortimer, Lulu (Rentz's Minst.)
Moore, Laura & Emice
Morton, Alma (3)
Mayfried, Ida
Marshall, May
Morando, Lola
Mahretta, Mlle.
Nelson, Minst. (p. o. m. Glasgow, Scot.)
Nelson, Sara
Nugent, Mrs. Jas. E.
Norman, Ida & Harry
Olympia, Mlle. (gymnast)
Oxley, Mrs. Amy
Parker Sisters
Pearl, Maggie
Pelgrini, Mrs. J. C.
Pascoe, Marie (3)
Price, Mrs. E. (of Florence's Co.)
Plimmell, Flora
Parker, Lizzie (of Parker Sisters) (2)
Richmond, Adah
Rodgers, Mrs. Jno.
Siddons, Ida
Stanley, Josephine (3)
St. Felix Sisters
Schott, Angie (3)
Smayrel, Mrs. Sami.
Swain, Carrie
Sullivan, Josie
Morris
Santley, Nabie
Sheppard, Maude
St. Felix, Leanora
Steele, Sallie
Sherwood, Alice
Stanton, Mrs. Chas. P.
Selwyn, Blanche
Sanderson, Mrs. L.
Thompson's Agent, Charlotte
Thorsam, Lyda
Ten Broeck, May
Wallace-Villa Co., Manager (2)
Worrell, Sophie
Winans, May
Watson, Bertha
Williams, Mrs. Barney
Yeamans, Mrs. Annie
Zoiutia, Aggie

GENTLEMENS' LIST

Austin, Chas. and Emma
Andrews, W. (of Cosmopolitan Or.)
Albertson, J. (late of Hot Springs)
Abbott, J. W.
Ainsworth, F. K.
Anderson, Prof.
Abbey, R. (of London Circus)
Austin, C. (of Barnum's Circus)
Antony, Carl
Bryant & Williams Minghano (vocal trilloquist)
Brown, R. (of Texas Jack's Co.)
Burdette, W. A.
Blatt, C. P.
Bye, Chas. (musician)
Barlow & Wilson
Brown, T. W. (of J. K. Emmit's Co.)
Boston Mead. Quartett Manager
Bernardo, — (vocalist)
Bannon, (1. M. Burgess, Cool Blackhurst, Jas.
Butler, B. (of Celebrated Chase Co.)
Breyer, W. V.
Bunnell Bros.
Blanchard, H. (vocalist)
Barlow, Wilson, Primrose & West
Butt, J. (agt. Rudy, Mr. Wade)
Bray, W. H. (3)
Blanchard, C. (of Buffalo Bill's Co.)
Burton, Geo. (musician)
Bohnaffzen, Wm.
Collins, Mrs. Martha W.
Carleton, Irene
Chapman, Jennie
Cannon, May
Campion, Alice
Cassell, Fannie
Carlon, Lizzie (of Carlton Sisters)
Crabcree, Lotia
Drayton, Allie
Deelie, Madam
DuBarr, Madam
Dunbar, Ada
Dellon, Minnie (of Wallack's Co.)
Doyle, Katie
Duncan, Mattie
Dumont, M.
Delmay, Lo-lo
Dixon, Blanche
Earle, Mattie (of Rumsey's Co.) (3)
Fenderson, Juliet
Florence, Mrs. W. J.
Foy Sisters Co., Manager
Goss, Joe (Gibson, F. (of Forbe's Dram. Co.)
Gorow, Prof.
Gilbert, Mr. (driv. of King Phillip)
Hutching, C. B.
Harrington, J. (of "G. O.") Min.
Gorman, Lottie
Gilman, Ada
Hooker, Mr. Fred.
Harris, Rosa (of Fanchon Co.)
Hart, Annie
Hawkins, Jr., Mrs. John
Hall, Lizzie J.
Hamilton, May
Hastings, Marie (of Bonfiace's Co.)
Herbert, Lizzie (of Boston Com. Co.)
Hanson, Lizzie
Haywood, Lizzie
Hilton, Frankie
Kenyon, Lola (of Rentz's Minst.)
Leslie, Ida (vocalist) (3)
Lorraine, Emma
Le Gros, Mrs. Marie
La Verde, Belle
Lee, Pauline (of London Circus)
Leigh, Miss J. (care M. Lewin)
Lucille, Pauline
Leslie, Mrs. David
Lorraine, Emilie
LaVerde, Mrs. C. M.
Marshall, Florence (3)
Miranda, Emma
Moore, Kate (of Syracuse, N. Y.)
Mortimer, Annie
Maivey, Emile
Marshall, Mrs. H. A.
Murray, Alice
Mortimer, Lulu (Rentz's Minst.)
Moore, Laura & Emice
Morton, Alma (3)
Mayfried, Ida
Marshall, May
Morando, Lola
Mahretta, Mlle.
Nelson, Minst. (p. o. m. Glasgow, Scot.)
Nelson, Sara
Nugent, Mrs. Jas. E.
Norman, Ida & Harry
Olympia, Mlle. (gymnast)
Oxley, Mrs. Amy
Parker Sisters
Pearl, Maggie
Pelgrini, Mrs. J. C.
Pascoe, Marie (3)
Price, Mrs. E. (of Florence's Co.)
Plimmell, Flora
Parker, Lizzie (of Parker Sisters) (2)
Richmond, Adah
Rodgers, Mrs. Jno.
Siddons, Ida
Stanley, Josephine (3)
St. Felix Sisters
Schott, Angie (3)
Smayrel, Mrs. Sami.
Swain, Carrie
Sullivan, Josie
Morris
Santley, Nabie
Sheppard, Maude
St. Felix, Leanora
Steele, Sallie
Sherwood, Alice
Stanton, Mrs. Chas. P.
Selwyn, Blanche
Sanderson, Mrs. L.
Thompson's Agent, Charlotte
Thorsam, Lyda
Ten Broeck, May
Wallace-Villa Co., Manager (2)
Worrell, Sophie
Winans, May
Watson, Bertha
Williams, Mrs. Barney
Yeamans, Mrs. Annie
Zoiutia, Aggie
Nicholls, R. Hamilton
Nelson, C. B. (song-and-dance)
Orrin Brothers
O'Neil, Wm.
Oliver, J. A.
Pastor, A. I. (of Wallace-Villa Co.)
O'Brien, M. (of Coup's Co.)
O'Brien, James
Ogiesby, Dick (3)
Parslee, C. T
Parks, J. (circus "Kid") Sc.
Pike, Lep.
Parmelee, H. E. "Pap" prograph.
Pearson, W. H. (song and dance)
Perry, Harry
Palmer, F. (of London Circus)
Paley, Wm.
Pope, Chas. E.
Queen & Bell
Queen, Eddie
Rivers, Johnny
Rice, C. W.
Richardson, Will
Raymond, E. (of Raym. & Murphy)
Robinson, Jas.
Ronaldo, W. (of Ronaldo Bros.) (2)
Ravel, Chas. W. J.
Rush, H. G.
Raymond & Murphy
Rubini, P.
Ronaldo, H.
Ring, Geo. H.
Robbins, Burt (2)
Rose, Harry W.
Rowe, G. H. (of Barnum's Circus)
Rowe, Dick
Rice, Master (of Blossom & Rice)
Rooney, Pat
Rowland, Wm.
Rogers, Victor
Stetson, E. T.
Sebastian, Romeo
Sheridan, F. (of Sheridan Bros.)
Slater, M. (musician)
Sprague, D. J.
Sylvester, Ed. F.
Shields, A. (of Favor & Shields)
Sullivan, J. H.
Sautelle, Geo.
Satsuma, K. (2)
Stansell, Geo.
Sharpley, F. (of Sharpley Bros.)
Shaw, Gus (manager)
Scansbourne, Chas.
Sheeden, Alex.
Swain, C.
Stone, Mr. (dramatic agent)
Stanley, Ernest
Seaman, Harry
Seaman, — (of Rooney's Co.)
Sullivan, Dan Morris (3)
Showles, J. J.
Stuebgen, Frank-lin
Sprague, Mr. (of sprague's Minst.)
Sage, E. S.
Sanders, C. (of Mc-Vickers & Saund.)
Shorten, Jake (circus agent)
Sands, E. (of Keating & Sands)
Stanley, H.
Spear, Andy
Sadler, T. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Smith, Al.
Sells Bros.
Sellers, G. (of Katie Putnam's Co.)
Schrader, P. (of Helen D'Este's Co.)
Sullivan, J. (of Rentz's Minst.)
Turner, Tommy (banjoist)
Tudor, J. (p. o. m. Kingston, Eng.)
Tayleure, C. W. (2)
Turner, G. W.
Tinkham, E. (3)
Terry, H. (of Georgia Minst.) 3c.
Thompson, J. (On Hand)
Turner, W. (variety "biz")
Trimble, W. H.
Tierney & Cronin
Taylor, C. L.
Toole, T. R.
Thompson, Harry Van Circus, Manager Von Boyle, Ackland (2)
Vreeland, C. W.
Vernon, Dan (late of Newark, N. J.)
Vinson, J. H. (actor) 2c.
Whittaker, J. (Uncle Tom's Co.)
Warwick, Lock
Wagner, Cal.
Wrens, The
Wingfield, J. (of Wingfield & Co.)
Walsh, Harris & Morris
Wilson, Jas. S.
Ward, Ralph
Willard, Chas.
Williamson, J. C.
Ward & Barrymore
Washburn, F. S. (2)
Wingfield, John (3)
West, W. (of Haley & Co.)
Wiggins, T. A. (vocalist)
Woodson, Harry
Wilson, Frank W.

THERE WERE LETTERS in the Detroit (Mich.) Post office on Dec. 15 for Fred. Dixon, of Holman's English Opera Co., and Curl Daily, dramatic agent.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, Dec. 16, '78.

Although this is a season of rejoicing and good feeling and unbiased happiness, the past week brought to our notice many things of a very distressing character, and tears, idle tears, emerged from eyes albeit unused to weeping, and filled our soul with unutterable woe. First, our sympathies went out to Minnie Hauk in her sore trials and tribulations, and we sat down and wept by the hour when we had ascertained the true inwardness of Mr. Mapleson's conduct in his vain endeavors to compel Miss Hauk to break the Sabbath day by singing at a concert on Sunday night; then we were forced to endure the dreadful spectacle of a house divided against itself, as Hauk vs. Mapleson et al. Happily, by the time the heart-bleeding public had taken sides with one or the other of the conspirators, dove-eyed peace intervened, and the alleged gore-thirsters became reconciled, buried the small hatchet, and glorified the grand union in a revivifying and exhilarating glass of soothesse! Scarcely had our tears ceased to flow when we were taken down again by the quarrel between the several authors, adaptors, translators, and others interested in "The Banker's Daughter." We tried our best to reconcile the various conflicting interests; told them—what they never knew before—that in union there is strength, and pointed out the lamentable end of all the authors of "Beautiful Snow" as an evidence of what their fate will be should they persist in their suicidal designs. The agonised manager—in whose behalf the underwriters of the play were wrestling catch-as-catch-can—in his desire to be non-committal and purely impartial, sat him down upon "The Banker's Daughter," exhibited his heart upon his sleeve for American dramatists' jaws to peck at, as it might be, and, in broidered night-line linen, sought the privacy of his treasurer's hair to see how the advance sales stood, and to ascertain "What shall the harvest be." All this was another terrible blow to our peaceful hopes and inclinations, and more idle tears coursed their meandering way through the sluices and other aqueducts of burnsed nature; and we conjured up in our mind the cost of the bubble reputation, and thanked the gods that we were born of poor but honest parents, instead of kicking our way into the world as a great American dramatist and wielder of that self-feeding tragic pen which Brother Bulwer, to conciliate the great human interests of Cincinnati, pronounced mightier than the two edged sword. Nothing, nothing but a little judicial soothesse can effectually heal but a little judicial soothesse can effectually heal the breach between the numerous suitors for the hand of "The Banker's Daughter." We were just on the eve of attending a meeting of the "Good Christian's Aid Society," and making a call upon the missionaries from the "Bashful Bazouks" and the Barajavansee Cheroots, when news reached us that another war had broken out between Mapleson and the stockholders of the Academy of Music. Our first impulse was to call out the military, with power to load with real powder and shot; then we thought that the Paid Fire Department's services might quench the insurrection without the loss of life, by overwhelming the two armies in that element to which they were total strangers, viddicit, pure water! Just as we were about to pass on the water, dove-eyed peace again hove in sight, water gave place to a little more soothesse, and a shout of triumph went up that made the very welkin ring from pit to dome, for proclamation was made that harmony prevails, and that the operatic war is ended! All this was but a part of our painful experience. Would that it had been all that we were called upon to bear; but alas! from distant points came manifold tales of disaster and death more and more tribulatory; how a snap-manager had snapt the link that bound him to his troupe of snappers, and had gone "where the woods——wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest;" how a fly-by-nightist, in his shrewd scheme to evade the hostile charge of a relentless landlord, lowered himself out of a rear window, and was drenched in a waterpipe or butt, as the case might be; how an unfortunate song-and-dance artist, innocently enjoying himself by counting the sleepers on a railroad-track, was "suddenly cut down in his tracks, and that without remedy" or other just cause; how a sanguinary conflict took place between a sword-swallower and a living skeleton, which terminated in the swordsman being swallowed by the skeleton man to the disgust and loss of the proprietor of the show; how a well-known and popular —— But enough of this —let us turn our attention from such sad topics, and look upon the inner and brighter side of life, stripped of its worldly allurements and artificialities.....After all, it is not so bad a thing to be in jail. There is our old friend Neil Bryant, whose hopeful epistle was dated in a cell, and who actually begs his friends not to bail him out! A little misunderstanding with Low Benedict, you know. And Neil's other name naturally leads us into poetry

ABOUT BRYANT.

Oh, sweet it is to see,
Like the philosophic Neil,
That, although you're in a prison, you are free from all re strictions;

His blessings freely fall
Upon the heads of all.

Yet, when he speaks of Benedict, 'tis not with benedictives.....For, in short, progressive as he never looks back, never desponds, never goes back on the boys, but is always devising and planning schemes for their welfare and comfort. The boy has lately manifested extraordinary interest in the shooting exhibitions of Capt. Bogardus and Ira Paine; he has discovered that in shooting at glass balls those experts are put to great expense, owing to the brittle and flimsy nature of the balls shot at, which, except in rare cases, are broken and rendered useless at the first discharge of artillery, thus necessitating a new outlay. Where before a few hundred supply. Now, all this can be obviated by the shootists having their balls *made of iron, instead of glass!* There's genius for you! This idea is altogether original with the Jim boy, and to him be all the praise ascribed.....Mapleson looks upon the Academy stockholders and their free seats as so many conundrums, and he proposes to give them up.....Mr. Ettie Henderson has achieved a marked success with her new play at the Standard Theatre, and "Almost a Life" promises to run almost a lifetime. When the redoubtable Col. Sellers dropped in to see how the new thing worked, the big crowd he saw gathered there made his eye water for very joy.....Managers have taken pitch, pine and turpentine by the firkin, and, to extinguish the flames in double-quick time when the destructive element gets an opening, that audiences are no longer fearful. This week, when a fire occurred in a building close to Tony Pastor's, and Niblo's, on Broadway. Both houses were full, and, though steam fire-engines were at work outside, and the shouts of the crowd could be distinctly heard within the walls of mirth and revelry, yet the audiences never budged; they remained in their places as if they were glued there; and when, as usual, vice was killed and virtue was promoted to the top round of the ladder of fame, shouts arose from those vast crowds that would have made a political mass meeting ashamed of its own puerile efforts. Either the entertainments were unusually good at those theatres, or the people have no longer any fear of such a calamity as threw Brooklyn into mourning a few years ago.....Den Thompson did not prevail to any extent in Philadelphia last week, where he had in opposition a first-class attraction in Haverly's and Steton's burlesque combinations, and Gemmil's Shakespearian revival of "The Merchant of Venice," and pious fairs without number.....Professor Houston lectured on lightning-rods (No, Jimmy, the Professor did not perch himself on lightning rods, and lecture from that position—that would be altogether too thin) in Philadelphia Dec. 12; his subject is not an unattractive in Winter to draw, which must have given an unwelcome shock to the worthy Professor. His scientific flashes were followed by thunders of applause.....THE CLIPPER is fortunate. More than twenty years ago it occupied chambers in the Fowler Building, corner of Ann and Nassau streets, where the devouring element played such havoc on the morning of Dec. 12. It was well that we were away from there when we did.....Singular what important steps are sometimes taken to reach a very small end. There is Mr. Shook, who relinquishes theatrical management in the neighborhood of Union-square to get rid of—whisper it!—the importunities of persons who want free tickets! Nothing wrong with the theatre—of course not. Paying anywhere from fifty to five hundred thousand dollars a year! But Mr. Shook is magnanimous. He wants somebody else to enjoy this profit—and furnish free tickets. Which leads us to propound

A FEW CONUNDRUMS.

Did Shook shake Palmer, or Palmer shake Shook?
Or by both were both of them shaken?
If the house such wonderful profits took,
Why has Shook his bonanza forsaken?
An answer to puzzling questions like these
May come when the skies grow calmer;
In the past each claimed to bear off the palm,
But who now will bear off the Palmer?

.....We endeavored to show, last week, on the authority(?) of a self-glorified Search-the-scriptures, that Jonah's whale was a myth in Scriptural days, and that theatrical managers and directors of sideshows and circuses were not troubled by the importunities of impecunious deadheads. Not being wholly satisfied with the evidence submitted to us in behalf of the non-deadhead system of past centuries, we sat up during three long nights of the past week, searching the scriptures for freshly-discovered evidence in support of our position that free passes did *not* originate with us, but were the offspring of economical free-thinkers who prowled around lunch-routes and other open houses in Bible times, and who made their way into circuses by crawling under the canvas, just the same as we do now. We went at the work with a will, and, after a refreshing tankard of soothesse on one hand, and crackers and cheese and mustard on the other, we began our investigation for facts. Gentlemen, we have succeeded beyond our fondest anticipations; we will prove the other boisterous braggart to be a falsifier, and one not to be believed on his oath; we will show you how inconvertible proof that free passes were given out with lavish hand as far back as the era of Genesis; we will prove to you that the sons of Rube, circus auxiliaries and assistants, were favored with clipped tickets; nay, more, we will make clear to you, your heirs and assigns forever, that not only were passes distributed freely through large drygoods and candle stores, but that the thing became such an intolerable nuisance that the Hittites and Jobites and others of their following refused to accept the passes showered upon them, and behaved in such an unappreciative manner that they were actually clubbed into the amphitheatre and dramatic temples prevalent in those days, and were compelled to witness the show from beginning to end. None of this is manufactured evidence, like that imposed upon us last week by a malicious soothsayer, but is taken, verbatim scripturatim, from between the lids of that precious book. You may desire to give us a banquet for what we have done in the cause of truth and science, but we want nothing of the kind; there is all such fervor for John McCullough, who takes to 'em as a duck takes to prismatic water. Here, then, is the result of only three nights' investigation:

PROOF.

Genesis, chap. 18; verse 5—"After that ye shall *pass on.*"
Ruth, chap. 4; verse 14—"But ye shall *pass.*"
Numbers, chap. 32; verse 29—"*The children of Reuben will pass.*"
Deuteronomy, chap. 2; verse 18—"Thou art *to pass.*"
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Second Samuel, chap. 15; verse 22—"Go and *pass.*"
Isaiah, chap. 21; verse 12—"Arise, *pass over.*"
Thus, chap. 14—"But ye shall surely *pass.*"

This is the way to serve the public duty in the cause of justice to our present pass-in-ger system, and "our withers are unwrung."—ED.

.....To bring our wit and wisdom to an end this week, we will give you a touching little ballad, the application of which you cannot fail to perceive. This is how it runs:

THE F. OF P. C. C.

It was a little maiden,
She was not overstout;
She'd seen eleven Summers,
Or somewhere thereabout.

A manager he found her
All in a sorry plight;
He took her for a fairy
At fifty cents a night.
This really was a fortune
In the little maiden's eye;
No more she ate cold pieces,
But reveled in mince pie.
Then came along an Agent
Of the S. for F. C. C.,
And he stopped the fairy business
On the ground 'twas cruelty.
And thereupon the maiden,
With no one to provide,
Went sorrowful and plaintive
Until she up and died.
They bought for her a gravestone,
Did the S. for F. C. C.,
And on it carved: "This cherub
Was saved from cruelty!"

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

The Chevalier Henry Wicked is again among us.....Sarah Bernhardt, with the view of ultimately playing in London in the vernacular of the British lion, is studying English most assiduously.....A new amateur association, organized solely to aid deserving charities, gave its first performance on Dec. 11, at our Lexington avenue Opera-house. Homer A. Nelson is its president. Its stage-manager is Col. J. M. Dusenbury.....Neil Bryant, still in jail in Buffalo, N. Y., to which city he borrowed money to go in order to save his bondsmen from loss in consequence of a judgment against himself that he deems unjust, and rewards as procured through testimony that he intends to prove false if ever he gets out of jail, has been very ill, but well enough for the Inconvertible proof that free passes were given out with lavish hand as far back as the era of Genesis; we will prove to you that the sons of Rube, circus auxiliaries and assistants, were favored with clipped tickets; nay, more, we will make clear to you, your heirs and assigns forever, that not only were passes distributed freely through large drygoods and candle stores, but that the thing became such an intolerable nuisance that the Hittites and Jobites and others of their following refused to accept the passes showered upon them, and behaved in such an unappreciative manner that they were actually clubbed into the amphitheatre and dramatic temples prevalent in those days, and were compelled to witness the show from beginning to end. None of this is manufactured evidence, like that imposed upon us last week by a malicious soothsayer, but is taken, verbatim scripturatim, from between the lids of that precious book. You may desire to give us a banquet for what we have done in the cause of truth and science, but we want nothing of the kind; there is all such fervor for John McCullough, who takes to 'em as a duck takes to prismatic water. Here, then, is the result of only three nights' investigation:

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A NEW DUNDREARY.—"Our American Cousin" was produced in Booth's Theatre Dec. 9, and ran throughout the week to fair business, the cast being: Asa Trenchard, Frank Hardenberg; Lord Dundreary, George Parkes; Abel Murcott, John Swinburne; Mr. Coyle, G. B. Marcellus; Binney, Buddicombe, Sidney Smith; Sir Edward Trenchard, W. H. Crompton; Lieut. Vernon, Charles Stearforth; Florence Trenchard, Miss Rose Lisle; May Meredith, Miss Laura Don; Georgina, Miss Carrie Vinton; Mrs. Mountchessington, Miss Nellie Mortimer; Augusta, Miss Louise Leighton. The version differed in several minor respects from all others hitherto acted upon the local stage, and was given in four acts. Frank Hardenberg's Asa Trenchard was an excellent piece of acting, being strongly imbued with character, and far more unctuous than the average of his impersonations. His portraiture will bear favorable comparison with that of any of his predecessors. Mr. Parkes, who has frequently acted Dundreary in the smaller cities and towns, did so in this city for the first times. It is no slight task to face a metropolitan audience in a character which has been identified with the name of its creator for a number of years, yet Mr. Parkes achieved a creditable success. Although at times he imitated Mr. Sothern, he still displayed originality, and did not copy all that actor's business and gags. In make-up and costume he differed from him entirely, wearing a blonde wig and side-whiskers, and a variety of watery, with numerous pockets similar to those worn by him in the character of Dr. Hasa in the Fifth-avenue Theatre. Many of his gags and no little of his business were original, and took well with the audience. His whole performance savored of Mr. Sothern's before he altered it and toned it down to please the English public. That Mr. Parkes pleased his audiences there is no doubt, as while he was before them the laughter was almost incessant. John Swinburne is to be credited with a conscientious and praiseworthy performance of Abel Murcott. George B. Marcellus painted the villainous attributes of Coyle's character in strong colors. Sidney Smith made no distinction in make-up or otherwise between Binney and Buddicombe; but the general effect did not suffer thereby. He won considerable applause by an introduced bit of business—crossing the stage in a seemingly intoxicated condition, holding a bottle of wine and singing to it an appropriate ditty to the air of "Baby Mine." Miss Rose Lisle's Florence Trenchard was intelligently acted. Miss Laura Don made a captivating Mary Meredith. Miss Carrie Vinton was sufficiently lackadaisical as Georgina, and the other characters received satisfactory attention from their respective exponents. Laura Don withdrew from the company Saturday night, to join that of the Globe Theatre. On that night the character of Mary Meredith was sustained by a young lady whose name we could not learn, Miss Don's name still remaining in the bills.

BARNEY MACAULEY and his combination commenced an engagement in the Broadway Theatre Dec. 9, acting in E. A. Locke's four-act comedy entitled "A Messenger from Jarvis Section," which was performed during the week to good business. Mr. Macauley, who was erroneously announced as making his first appearance in this city, he having played Armand Duval to Matilda Heron's Camille in Niblo's Garden several years ago, has long enjoyed a high reputation as an actor of leading serious parts in the Southern and Western theatres. For some years he was engaged in management in Detroit, Mich., Indianapolis, Ind., Cincinnati, O. (Wood's Theatre), and Louisville, Ky., where he built the beautiful theatre bearing his name. Upon one occasion, when "Caste" was announced, he was compelled by some unfortunate circumstances either to act the character of Sam Gerridge or Eccles with only a day's notice. He chose the former alternative, and made so marked a hit that he added the character to his repertory, and it has since continued a favorite with the public, and has enhanced his reputation. His success in that role induced him this season to enter a broader field of comedy, and his performance of Uncle Paul in the comedy above named warrants us in pronouncing him one of the best character actors now before the public. In the quaint Maine farmer and Deputy-sheriff of Jarvis Section "nigh onto fifteen year" his personal identity is thoroughly merged, and his acting, which is quiet, natural and thoroughly artistic, elicits boisterous mirth, and at times is pathos so touches the heart that it moistens with tears of sympathy the eyes of those unused to be moved to laughter. He has a wonderful mobility of countenance, which gives intelligent expression to his emotion, and so thoroughly is he able to control his facial movements that on two distinct occasions he elicited rounds of applause by a simple movement of his eyes. The character is consistently sustained from the opening of the comedy to the close. Mr. Macauley was frequently applauded, and several times called before the curtain. The next best-acted character was that of Clip, a waif, who is a waiter-girl in Keppler's saloon, played with rare intelligence by Katie Wilson. Endowed by nature with a petite figure, she presents the appearance of a girl of seven or thirteen years of age, while her assumption of childish manners, intonation of voice, and general demeanor were wellnigh perfect. She was twice recalled. Among the remainder of the support Mr. Scallan's portrayal and make-up of an old sailor—Bill Hauser—was quite effective; H. N. Wilson's acting of the miser Skinflint was excellent; and Miss Ella Morris' performance of Sis, a Dutch maid, made a hit as the Dutchman Keppler; Harry E. Mehen as Sergeant Snatchem gave one of the most life-like representations of a policeman that we ever have seen upon the stage; A. S. Lipman as Sandy Mitchell deserves commendation; Miss C. J. Johnson's acting of the Irish washerwoman Mrs. Mcclone was quite amusing, and Miss Mary Myers as a quiet and lady-like interpretation of the Widow Nancy Bartlett. The comedy is a good one, the plot being interesting and consistently told, while the incidents are so skillfully grouped that surprises almost continually occur, thus constantly enchaining the attention of the spectator. In point of merit it is much above the average of modern sensational productions, and the author should not allow his pen to remain idle. An evening of unalloyed pleasure can be had by witnessing its performance.

FRANK CUSHMAN, an excellent impersonator of aged negroes, and who sings well, joined the San Francisco Minstrels for a brief season Dec. 9, and met with a hearty reception. The other changes in the programme included "Baby Feet," sung by W. Raymond; "Home by the Sea," by J. G. Russell; a new olio, consisting of a four-horse act, "Queen Indigo," a xylophone solo, "Whoa, Emma," "They All Do It," "Nightingale Polka," "Wine, Wife and Song," and "Walking for dat Cake." In the olio the sketches of "John Butts," with Add Ryman and George Thatcher in the cast, and "School," with Charley Backus as the Dunce, were revived. There has been no falling-off in the attendance.

"M'LISS" is to be the next production at the Standard Theatre, early in January.

AT HARRY MINER'S NEW THEATRE the company now includes Harry and John Kernell, Edward Kendall, Georgie and Lizzie Parker, the Springers, Goldie, Steele and Sallie St. Clair, Nellie St. John, the new Big Four—McDermott, Sheehan, Callan and Healey—Howard and Sanford, the Bloodman Brothers, Billy and Minnie Arlington, Morsland, and the Zanfretta Pantomime Troupe.

DURING THE LAST WEEK of "Our Boarding-house" a good business was done in the Grand Opera-house. On Dec. 9 J. Mackey replaced Geo. R. Edeson as Col. Elevator, and Harry Mitchell Charles Pope as Fristerly.

ROSE BLANCHE, the only child of William H. and Clara Collings, died Dec. 11, aged 7 years 1 month and 12 days. Her father, who was performing with Robert McWade's Combination in Columbus, O., was notified by telegraph, and arrived in time to attend her funeral, which took place from her parent residence, 77 Christopher street, 14, at ten o'clock A. M.

DURING THE THIRD WEEK of the run of "Lorgaire" in the Theatre Comique the auditorium was well filled. The only change made was the appearance Dec. 9 of the Four Aces—Lester, Allen, Tierney and Cronin—who by their eccentricities and grotesque dancing added fresh zest to the entertaining scene.

THE SCOUT ALLIANCE, the conspicuous features being Donald McKay, captor of Capt. Jack of the Modoc tribe of Indians; Charles E. Emmett and Gray-Eye, scouts; and Arizona John, acted "The Trapper's Daughter" in the Bowery Theatre the past week, the regular company appearing in "Ireland As It Was."

AT THE WINDSOR THEATRE the current attractions are Morris and Fields, the Perry Brothers, El Nino Eddie, Tommy Turner, Morris and Green, J. W. McAndrews, Tillie Antonio, Wood and Beasley, and Welch & Hughes' Minstrels, including Archy Hughes, Fayette Welch, Victor Rigby, Louis Demar, Carl Heyer, W. E. Cabot and the Novello Quartette.

JOSEPH PETERSON is to begin an engagement in the Fifth-avenue Theatre Dec. 16, acting in "Rip Van Winkle," supported by F. R. Pierce, Owen Fawcett, James Peakes, E. J. Buckley, Henry Thomas, Sam Phillips, Constance Hamblin, May Croly (her metropolitan debut), and Mrs. S. Phillips.

AT THE PARK THEATRE "The Comedy of Errors," in which Robson and Crane have kept the audience well amused, was preceded the past week by Benjamin Webster's one-act drama entitled "One Touch of Nature," cast as follows: Mr. Wm. Penn Holder, C. W. Couldock; Mr. Beaumont Fletcher, Frank Evans; Mr. Belgrave, Wm. Cullington; Jones, Frank Jordan; Miss Constance Belmour, Miss Ada Monk. C. W. Couldock, who reappeared after a lengthened absence, found in the character of the old theatrical copyist, Wm. Penn Holder, an opportunity to display his artistic abilities at their best. In the recital of his domestic sorrows his pathos touched the hearts of his listeners, and many eyes were bedewed with tears. Frank Evans satisfactorily discharged the comparatively slight duties of the dramatic author; Beaumont Fletcher, Miss Ada Monk played Miss Belmour, an actress and the daughter of the old copyist, who is not aware of the relationship until near the close of the drama, fairly; but, had she divested her delivery of numerous quotations from well-known plays of the tinge of burlesque she gave them, her acting would have proved more effective. Although business fell off somewhat from that of the previous week, it may be pronounced good.

A CHANGE in the programme at the Standard Theatre will probably be made about the commencement of the new year, when the successful drama of "Almost a Life," which was played to good business since our last report, will be acted throughout the country, under Mr. Henderson's management, by a company especially engaged for that purpose.

EDWIN BOOTH closed his engagement at the Fifth-avenue Theatre Dec. 14. The attendance during the early part of the week was affected by the inclemency of the weather, but it recovered towards its close. He played Bertuccio in "The Fool's Revenge" Dec. 9, 11, Richelieu 10, Hamlet 13, 14, Shylock and Petruchio 13, and Claude Melnotte matinee 14. While the engagement has proved profitable to both Mr. Booth and the management, it has not been so successful as the previous ones played by this tragedian in this city.

MISS NELLIE GERTINZ, double-voiced vocalist, who arrived from England during the past week, is open in Tony Pastor's Theatre.

JOSEPH ATKINSON is to begin an engagement in the Theatre Comique Dec. 16, acting in "Lorgaire."

THE LONDON GARDEN THEATRE will reopen Dec. 23, under the management of Gardner & Hallack. W. J. Fleming will be the business-manager. The house is to be devoted to the drama, and a full company is wanted.

"CORIOLANUS," with John McCullough, Katharine Rogers, and the company from the Walnut-street theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., in the cast, is to be played two weeks, commencing Dec. 16, in the Grand Opera-house, and is to be followed by Dion Boucicault in "The Shaughraun."

E. T. STETSON has played in "Neck and Neck" for nine consecutive seasons, during which time it has been given over fourteen hundred representations. His address is published elsewhere.

THE ARAVIANS at the Vokes' Garden this week are the De Forests, Achille Phillion, Sadie Gomersall, Haley and West, Degrino and Le Gab, the Morrisseys, the Ulm Family and Harry Constantine.

THE EGYPTIAN MUSEUM, 37 and 39 Bowery, of which Prof. C. W. McClennan is proprietor, has been doing a good business during the past week. Curiosities and novelties can find engagements here. See card.

THE P. C. ELKS of this city will give their annual ball at the Academy of Music Feb 6, 1879. To avoid the unpleasant scenes of last season, when, owing to the great crush, ladies as well as gentlemen were compelled to stand in the lobby and corridors for half-checks, it has been decided to charge $2 for a ticket admitting a gentleman and two

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS in Boston, Mass., up to Dec. 15 are the same reported by our correspondent:

Business at nearly all of our places of amusement has been large since our last report, notwithstanding the storm which prevailed the early part of the week. At the Boston Theatre "The Exiles" received its last performance evening of 14. Owing to the death of Mrs. Alice Mazzanini, mother of Dan J. Maginnis, his part of Carcassin was very creditably sustained by J. T. Craven, and that of Ludolph, hitherto played by the latter gentleman, merged into that of Tolfoi and properly by Gene Wiley. "The Two Mothers" will be reproduced 16, cast materially the same as on its presentation at the commencement of the season, with the old time farce "Slasher and Crasher," Napoleon's Italian opera Company opened in "Carmen" 20.....The "Nine Points of the Law" and "H. M. S. Pinafore" were kept on the bills at the Boston Museum till evening of 14 to a crowded audience, when "Trial by Jury" was substituted for the comedy and closed the performance of the evening. Although thoroughly familiar to our amusement seekers, having been one of the strongest attractions of Emily Soldene's Opera Bouffe Company, "Trial by Jury" met with entire success at the hands of the singing section of the Museum company. Alfred Hudson made an amusing judge, though his voice seemed of too limited a capacity for the size of the house. Rose Temple presented a charming appearance as the Plaintiff, while the part was much better suited to her voice than her other essay in comic opera. J. H. Jones as the Defendant was entertaining, and Mr. Goodwin, as the Counsel for the Plaintiff, made a most amusing, and in many respects original, Counsel. Miss Nellie Wallis made a very good Usher and Foreman of the Jury. The Bridesmaids by Miss Jean Grosier and ladies, and the Jury by the gentlemen of the chorus, were acceptable, and the whole recital was encored the full number of times present. The tour of the Boston Museum Company has been somewhat revised since its announcement in these columns, and is now laid out as follows: Pittsfield, Mass., 24, Springfield, Worcester 25, Cambridgeport, W. Woonsocket, R. I., 27, Providence matinee and evening 28, Taunton, Mass., 29, Plymouth 31, Brockton afternoon and evening 28, Salem 28, Portsmouth, N. H., 27, Portland, Me., afternoon and evening 28, Augusta 30, Bath 31 and 1879, Lewiston 1, Lawrence, Mass. 3. The company will include Miss Annie Clarke Mesdames J. R. Vincent and Fred Williams, Messrs. Warren, Crisp, J. R. Vincent and Fred Williams, Messrs. Warren, Crisp, J. R. Smith, Geo. W. Wilkins and Fred Bond, Geo. W. Blatchford will be the accompanying manager. At the close of its Boston run, "H. M. S. Pinafore" will also be given in the principal New England cities. The engagement of Lawrence Barrett commenced at the Globe Theatre on Jan. 27.....Leonard Grover's Comedy Company play in "Our Boarding House" at the Gaiety Theatre throughout the week of 16. Afternoon of 19 a complimentary benefit will be given Mrs. F. Ponti, professionally known as Miss Athena, at which will appear the Arcadian Dramatic Club in "London Assurance;" the sleep-walking scene from "Macbeth" will be rendered by Miss Athena; Master Arthur Wentworth sings; violin piano solos and recitations will be given by Miss Marietta Sherman, Fred. J. Eustis, and Isaac Curtis; and the imitation scene from "The Widow's Victim" will be acted by Arthur Jule Goodwin. 23, Denman Thompson and company in "Joshua Whitcomb."..... "The Danites" Combination, under the management of J. H. Haverly, with McKee Rankin, Kitty Blanchard, Miss Aldrich, Charles Parsloe and supporting company, open a two weeks' season in the Howard Athenæum 23.....'Saul, or the Witch of Endor," will be played for two weeks at Boston Music Hall, commencing 16. Owing to the death of Mrs. Alice Mazzanini evening of 14, Owing to the death of Mrs. Alice Mazzanini, mother of Dan J. Maginnis, his part of Carcassin was very creditably sustained by J. T. Craven, and that of Ludolph, hitherto played by the latter gentleman, merged into that of Tolfoi and properly by Gene Wiley.

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RATES.

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THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

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FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor,
P. O. Box 3,860, or CLIPPER BUILDING,
88 and 90 Centre street, New York.

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THE NEW YORK CLIPPER ALMANAC For 1879

will be published early in January. The popular features of the preceding editions of THE ALMANAC, such as the RECORD OF FASTEST TIME, THEATRICAL AND SPORTING CHRONOLOGIES, Etc., will be retained in this, and, in response to numerous requests, we shall republish the THEATRICAL AND SPORTING CHRONOLOGIES which appeared in the editions of 1874 and 1875, carefully revised and amplified. It will also contain interesting sketches, poems, etc., with choice illustrations, and a variety of other new matter, which, we confidently expect, will make it more popular with our readers than any Almanac we have yet published, and insure it a very large circulation.

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HUMPTY DUMPTY
TROUPE
AND STANDARD COMPANY, WITH
THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GRIMALDI
(GEO. H. ADAMS),
THE BEST TRICK CLOWN IN AMERICA.
OPENING HOUSE,
$1,006.75.
NO POSTPONEMENT.

Notwithstanding the small and mercenary dodge of a rival management, intended to create the impression among the public that the popular and merry pantomime of "Humpty Dumpty" would not be presented at the opening of the St. Charles—a dodge based on a forced coincidence—the St. Charles was brilliantly attended last evening; was filled from pit to dome, and with an audience whose enthusiasm was equal to the excellency of the entertainment.

It must ever be flattering to a successful manager and actor like Tony Denier to know that theatrical managers will exert themselves to secure him; but we think that we can say, without reserve, that he cannot conceive that the tricks of a third-rate circus advertisement could be availed of to make him break his engagements. Such an attempt, we have reason to apprehend, has been made; and should circumstances justify it, we will not fail to make it public, regardless of all considerations save those of truth and fair dealing, which, we modestly assume, have been some of the appreciated characteristics of THE DEMOCRAT.

We choose to be brief to-day. "Humpty Dumpty," as presented last evening by Tony Denier's Pantomime Company, with George H. Adams, the original and only Grimaldi as Clown, was exceptionally a splendid performance, and deserving of all the compliments that an impartial newspaper can make of such an entertainment.

There was not a single hitch or drag during the development of the play. The scenery, much of which is new and well painted, was appropriate, and handled as though the play had been on the boards for several days. The orchestra, under Messrs. Nunn and Greuling, was perfect, and the entire performance went off with a smoothness that was surprising for an inauguration night.

We will speak more especially of the artists another time. They all did well last evening. We refer to the pantomime proper.

The "Humpty Dumpty" Kaleidoscope, or variety entertainment, evinced that Tony Denier is a good judge of attractive and polite things. Mr. Phil Heath's eloquent and amusing entertainment in ventriloquism, Messrs. Clifton and Fox's feats on the triple horizontal bars, and Mr. Chas. Diamond's dancing, singing and execution on the harp—all combined—were artistic, and together with little Venus and Adonis, and Lester and Williams, formed a group of performers deserving the reception that each received.

The season at the St. Charles opened with a great success by Tony Denier and his great company. P. D. Hildreth, treasurer; D. B. Hodges, business-agent.—NEW ORLEANS DEMOCRAT, Dec. 6 39-1t

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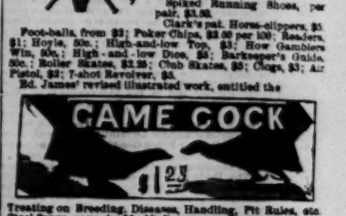

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